MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 10 No. 10

50p

TOP MODEL DEBBIE'S SAHARA STRIP

AFTER CLASS: OUR SEXIEST SIXTH FORMER

HOW TO END UP IN BED WITH TWO GIRLS

SWORDPLAY: AN ANCIENT SKILL UPDATED

QUEST: GIRLS WHO LIKE TO BE WATCHED

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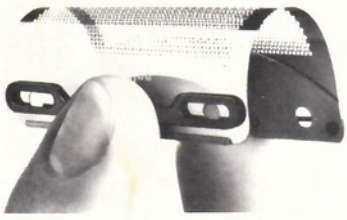

Nobody gets closer to you than us

How close your shave is depends on how close the cutting edge of your shaver gets to your skin.

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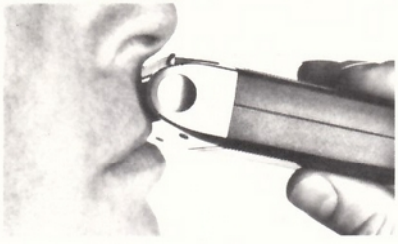
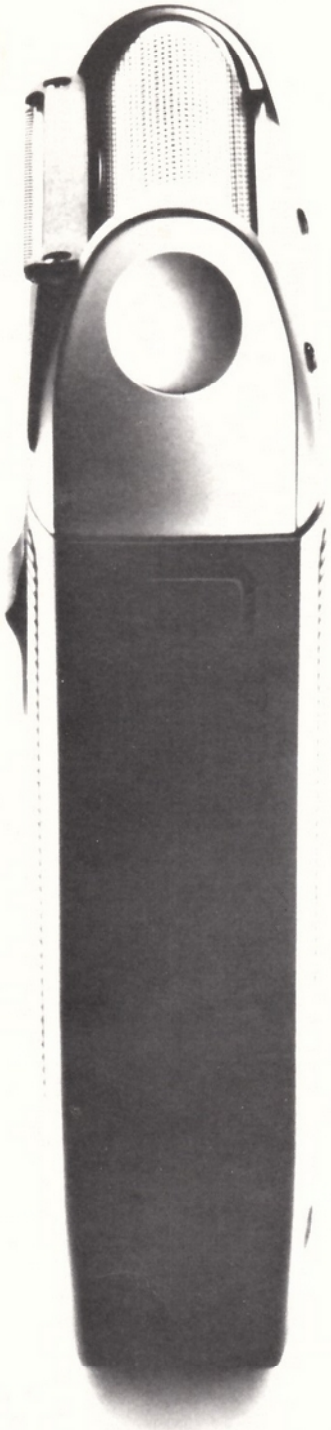


Braun has the slimmest foil head to shave all the awkward areas

The Braun Synchron Plus has a uniquely slim foil head designed to reach right into the awkward areas under your nose, lips and chin.



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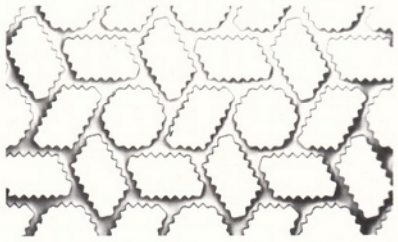
Able to shave you skin-close whatever angle you hold it to your face.



A foil to shave every kind of whisker

Also unique to the Braun Synchron Plus is the pattern of the shaving foil.

It's made up of hexagonal holes and narrow slots. Holes for the short, stubbly hairs. Slots for the longer, softer hairs.

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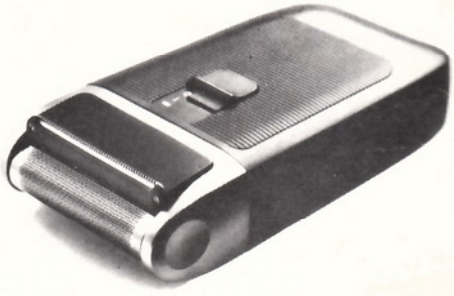

3 year guarantee

The Braun Synchron Plus has a three year international guarantee.

It could last you a lifetime. When you try one, you'll see why.

BRAUN

"Monsieur Cezanne regaled an enrapt luncheon party with tales of the Paris studios until the heat of the sun forced us to retreat indoors."

Aix-en-Provence, 1864.

MAISON FONDEÉ EN

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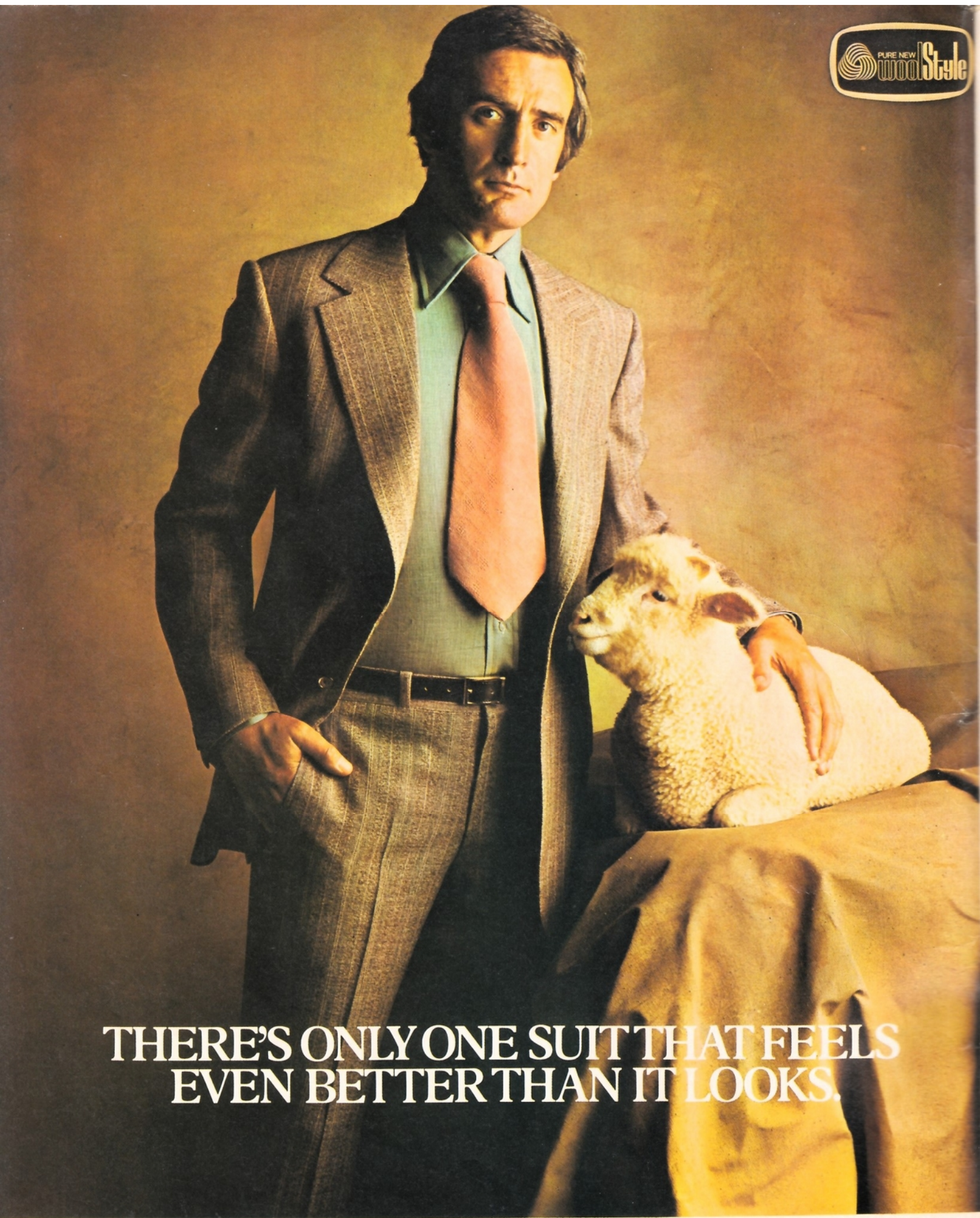

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Because wool has a softness no man can ever make. And because a tailor can cut and shape a suit better with wool than with any other cloth. A suit that will tell you how good it looks by the way it feels.

Pure new wool. There is nothing like it.

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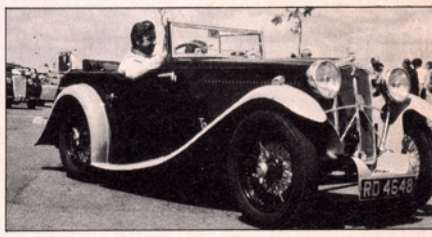

MAYFAIR

incorporating King

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It's got better 0 to 60 mph acceleration than the Citroen Maserati... virtually the same performance as the BMW 2002 Tii... the fuel economy of the Audi 100 Coupé S...and all for a price that's substantially lower than any of them.

Small wonder 'The Times', when comparing the Sprint with its European rivals, summed up this incredible car as "A leader in its class for many years to come."

(All comparisons made on the basis of 'Autocar' figures current at the time of going to press).

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Cars that live up to their name.

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LETTERS

This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Only those letters bearing the name and full address of the writer can be used but all requests for anonymity will be upheld and name and addresses reduced to initials and town on request. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Seen recently in the London evening press. 'Two bedroom flat . . . combined livingroom bathroom and wc.' The mind boggles!
J C P, Tottenham, London

I was amused to read Miss, sorry, Ms Livingstone-Jones' letter (Vol 10 No 7) and glad to see that the more active fringe element of female society still bursts into print from time to time, to remind us of the (flagging?) Women's Lib Movement. I must say, that I think that my fiancée likes me being a male Chauvinist pig (if that's the right expression?), because I open doors for her, stand up when she returns to the table, walk on the outside, etc. Old fashioned? I think most girls like that sort of thing.
I am all for equal pay for equal work and responsibility AND equal opportunities for both sexes. But the fact remains that there are still jobs that are physically and mentally more demanding than most and are better suited to males. Equally true, is that there are jobs better suited to females – in addition, that is, from modelling for *Mayfair*.
Where there is supply, a demand must be created and where there is demand, a supply must be created. This is the basis of our capitalist society (may it always remain so) and is one of the reasons for the existence of your excellent magazine. The girls in *Mayfair* are no more sheep-like than the Miss, sorry Ms Livingstone-Jones' of this world. In fact, they're probably less so. The majority of us both male and female, spend a little time before going out (or being photographed) to make sure we're presentable, smart and trendy, but most of all, even if subconsciously, attractive to the opposite sex. The girls in *Mayfair* are no exception and look fantastic. It's not them who need cow-bells, but the Ms (got it right) Livingstone-Jones'. If they take them to Hyde Park corner on a Sunday and ring them, maybe someone might stop and listen seriously to their cause.
R W W Craig, Lt RN, BFPO Ships, London

I just had to write and condemn that letter in Vol 10 No 7 from Isabella Livingstone-Jones. Well, I know for a fact that it's not only men like myself who enjoy reading the articles and looking at the pictures in *Mayfair* but women also – many of them friends of mine.
I don't understand why she wrote for she doesn't *have* to read *Mayfair*, or anything else for that matter, if she doesn't want to. And in her letter she said that she did read it 'unintentionally' – now, can you read something 'unintentionally'? Either you read it because you want to, or you leave it alone. Come on Miss Isabella Livingstone-Jones, or I'll say that I unintentionally read *your* letter.
G C, Bromley

We unintentionally agree with, you, unintentionally.

Like many other men I am fed up with nudity. I was therefore glad to see Pat's stockings with the elegant tops in Vol 10 No 7 and was even more pleased by Rita's old-fashioned undies. Disappointment though, for her waspie was not the real thing; it didn't fit properly: it wrinkled because it was not sufficiently boned.
I like suspenders, too, but most appear too long and out of proportion. And when suspenders are too long they pull clear of the body when the woman bends over. In order to avoid this one should wear

turn to page 10

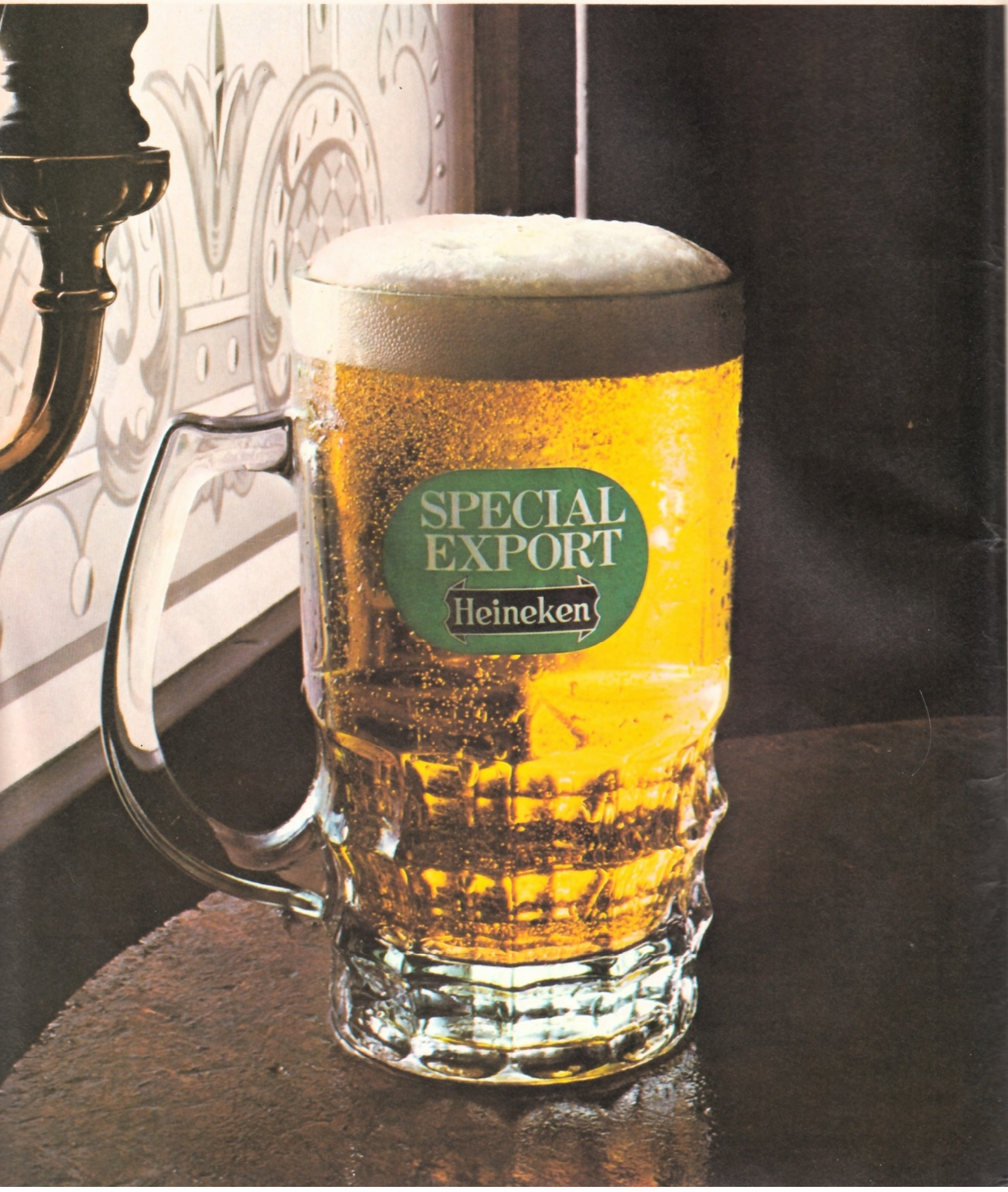
For those who take their pleasures seriously

TAITTINGER

the most exclusive champagne in the world.

Imported from France by Sherry House Limited, 92 New Cavendish Street, London, W1M 8LP

DROP IN FOR



A SLOW ONE.

Restrain yourself, if you will.

Resist the urge to sink Heineken Special Export the way you might sink an ordinary pint.

Because, as its name suggests, Special Export isn't an ordinary pint.

It's brewed far more slowly and with far more care.

In fact, it's stored at 0°c ('lagered' we call it in the trade) for five times longer than most beers.

Which accounts for its exceedingly generous flavour.

To really appreciate it though, we suggest you take your time.

Savouring it in much the same way that you'd savour a good wine.

Inevitably of course, you won't keep up with your mates and their pints of the 'usual.'

But press on, regardless.

Refuse to be discouraged.

For while you're reducing your intake you'll actually be increasing your pleasure.

SLOW-BREWED
HEINEKEN SPECIAL EXPORT.

LETTERS

continued from page 7

longer stockings and have a longer waspie. Also the stockings should be adjusted so the top forms a straight line, horizontally across the legs.

I like a combination of as many elements as possible, and here I present you with my dream: hat with veil; long eyelashes; ear-rings; black velvet band around the collar; long tight-fitting gloves with 'slave bracelet', the fingertips of the gloves removed so that long dark nails can be seen; cut-out bra; a long, well-boned corset laced behind with no hooks in front; three pairs of suspenders with some silky ornament in the end; French garters; ankle chain and very high-heeled shoes.

This is a lot to ask for and I do not expect it all. But most of all I want to see real old-fashioned corsets, worn by girls who take tightlacing whole-heartedly. Such girls would be hard to come by, I imagine, in our practical times. Remember that 'O' wore a corset, and she was tight laced.

(*Name and address withheld*)

Somehow you sound like a senior Civil Servant.

My reason for writing is to tell of my unexpected liberation at the age of 36, in the hope that some women who are hesitating to be sterilised might be persuaded to hesitate no longer. It is a simple operation, leaves no scars, and it has transformed me and my marriage.

I was married at 19 and in spite of taking what might be considered elaborate precautions (condoms and a spermicidal jelly) two of our three children and two miscarriages resulted. Later I started on the Pill and, although assured that it was reliable, I still felt uneasy and tensed up when my husband was about to erupt inside me. Following the numerous scares about the Pill's side-effects, I became neurotic and finally heeded my doctor's advice and had my tubes cauterised.

As a result I am now transformed. My tummy has become firm and flat again and I've lost two inches from my bust, which was too heavy anyway. I feel great, but above all I am sexually liberated. I give myself to my husband as I never could before and I regularly achieve the most marvellous orgasms. I've also acquired a sexual appetite of embarrassing proportions. Fortunately, my husband has risen manfully to the occasion and has met my intemperate demands with enthusiasm and vigour. From an average two or three times a week, I am almost ashamed to say that we're running at about 12 times a week now – and that's still not too much for me. I'm in a vicious circle because the memory of my last orgasm is all I need to trigger my cravings for more. Now, instead of fearing my husband's ejaculation, I can't get enough, and when I feel him throbbing and spilling inside me, I go over the moon. I've read with disbelief of women passing out with the intensity of their orgasm, but I believe it now. With me, it's not so much actually fainting, more as if all my strength and awareness is focussed on the exquisite electric sensations which start between my legs and permeate my body.

Paradoxically, my biggest doubt about being sterilised was that afterwards I'd feel 'neutered'. I needn't have worried. I've never felt sexier or behaved more femininely. I would be interested to hear from other women readers how sterilisation or the thought of it, affects them.

Muriel, Edinburgh

And to think that the Americans and Russians have spent countless billions of pounds, putting men over the moon. It seems Britain's back in the space race.

The Quest survey on 'fashion flirts' (Vol 10 No 6) reminded me of an experience that happened to a teacher friend some years ago. Having just finished a university course he took a temporary job teaching at a school for 'difficult' children in the south of England. Though not actually delinquents they all suffered from some kind of emotional disturbance, a fact that didn't prevent some of the older girls, aged between 14 and 15, from being fully developed physically. Since my friend was young and inexperienced as a teacher, he found

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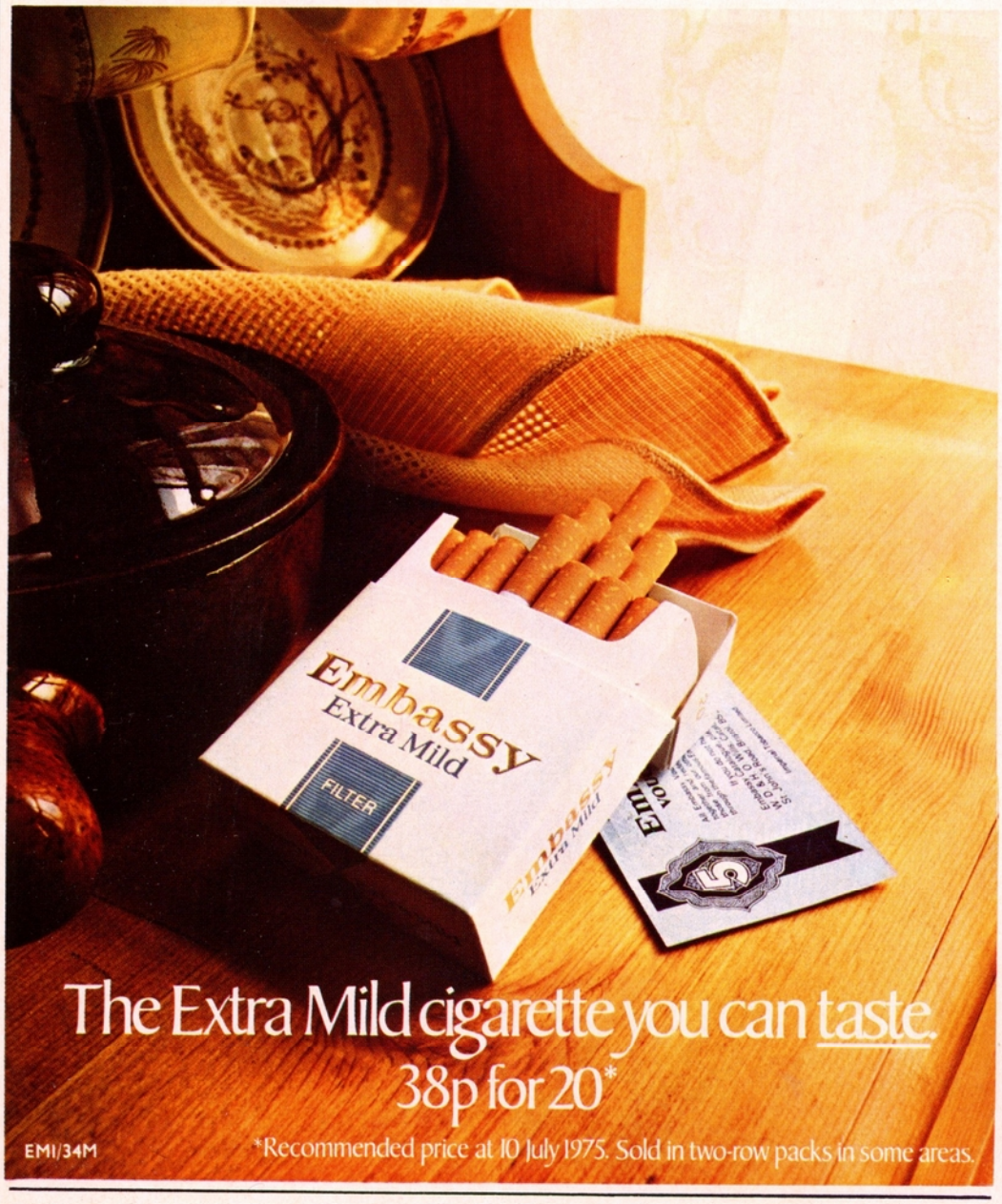


LOW TO MIDDLE TAR
As defined in H.M.Government Tables published in May 1975.
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING.

Get into Bacardi shorts.
BACARDI
Take your measure of Bacardi rum. Pour it straight over ice. And you're into Bacardi shorts.
The short drink that's long on the unique, mellow flavour of Bacardi rum.
Or, if you prefer, try a different pair – with tonic or with lemonade.
Bacardi rum. Straight. The neatest shorts imaginable.

ALICE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY EUGEN DURIG

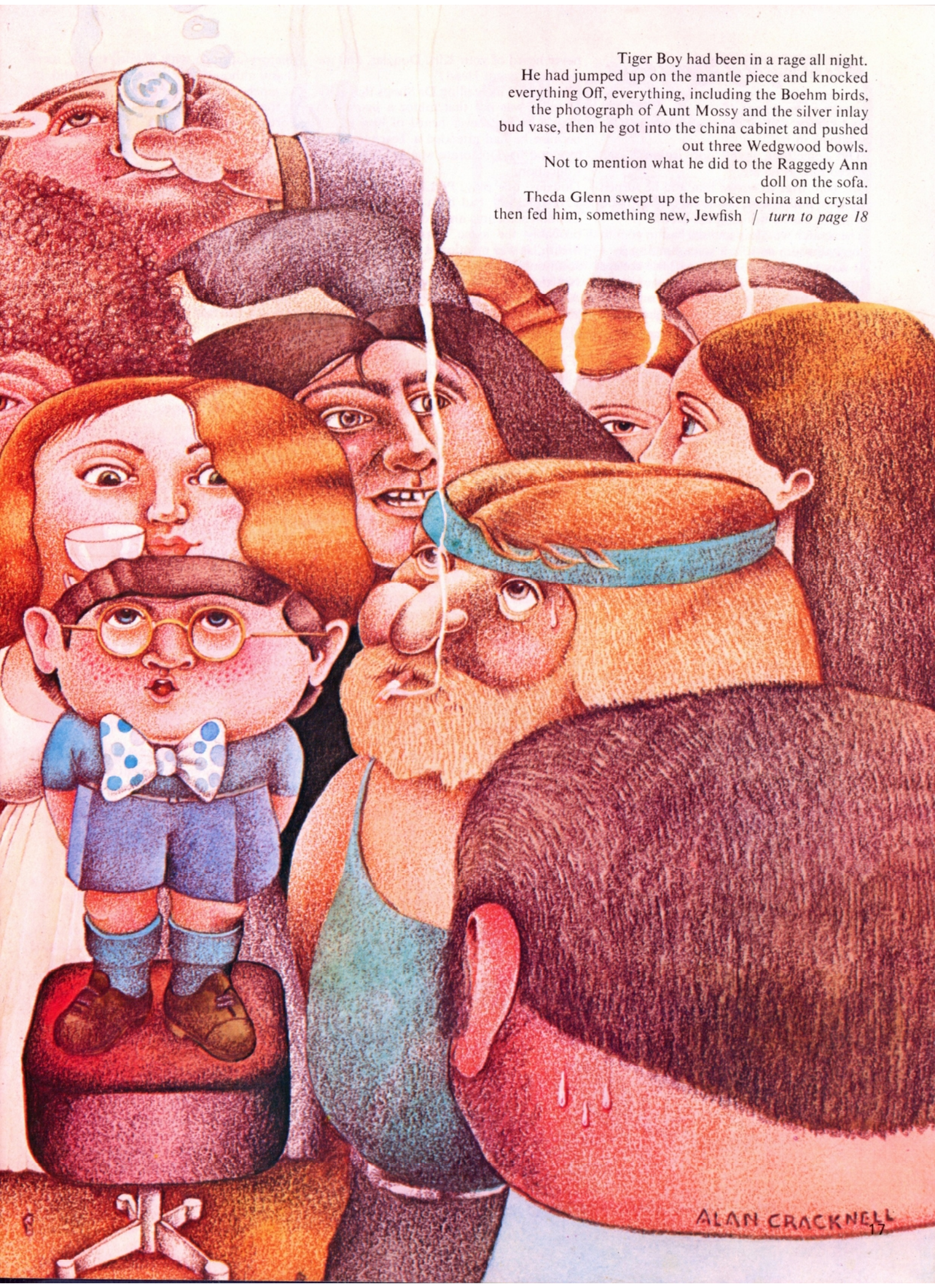
Some three or four years ago a book called *Coffee, Tea or Me?* was published, purporting to reveal what air hostesses were *really* like. Reaction from hostesses all over the world was swift and hostile. Sex at thirty thousand feet, or so they claimed, was very definitely not all part and parcel of the job. Alice Madsen, who is currently training as a hostess with a major international airline, is quick to side with her fellow 'sky sisters'. 'More than anything else,' smiles 24-year-old Alice, 'there just isn't the time on a flight to get into a huddle with a passenger. Hostesses really don't have a minute to spare from take-off to landing – even on the longest inter-continental flights. Besides, I'm sure the airline would take a very dim view of any hostess who served more than drinks. It is true that passengers sometimes ask you for a date – then I guess it's up to

you whether you decide if you will accept or not.' Alice's firm 5 feet 5 inch, 36–23–36, topped by ice-blue eyes and a shining mass of platinum-blonde hair would surely prove a temptation for even the most discerning jet-set bird-puller, we suggest. 'Not really,' she replies, 'you get to fly with so many guys who fancy themselves as irresistible to women, that I rather go for the shyer type. Air travel can get a bit impersonal sometimes nowadays, so when I see a chap who looks a little bit helpless, I maybe try just a little bit harder to make him feel at home.' She pauses, remembering her training. 'Of course,' she adds, 'we're told to treat *all* passengers as special.' A grin. 'But maybe some are a bit more special than others. If *you* ever fly with me though, I'll make you feel *very* welcome!'

She Thought of Laslo's Hips

Fiction by John Fergus Ryan

The literary party was great. But all Theda Glenn could keep her mind on was her student's taut white jeans



Tiger Boy had been in a rage all night.
He had jumped up on the mantle piece and knocked everything Off, everything, including the Boehm birds, the photograph of Aunt Mossy and the silver inlay bud vase, then he got into the china cabinet and pushed out three Wedgwood bowls.
Not to mention what he did to the Raggedy Ann doll on the sofa.
Theda Glenn swept up the broken china and crystal then fed him, something new, Jewfish / *turn to page 18*

ALAN CRACKNELL

She Thought of Laslo's Hips

continued from page 17

and kidney, and set out fresh water with his vitamins in it.

'Did something make ooo jealous?' she asked him as he ate.

She bent over to stroke him and he turned quickly and raked the back of her hand with his claws, bringing the blood.

The scratch was deep and she had to go into the bathroom and Dab something on it.

It was Saturday morning in a little college town with snow falling outside her window.

Theda Glenn sprayed Plasti-Wax on a soft cloth and dusted the piano, then the dining table and the china cabinet.

Snow. Boredom. Tiger Boy in a bad temper.

It was a perfect time to sit right down and get a few more pages done on her thesis.

She sat down at her desk and re-arranged her notes.

THE IMP OF DESPAIR IN THE VISION OF KIRK DOUGLAS by Theda Glenn Banks, AB, MA.

It was absurd, she now realised, to do a doctoral dissertation in English on Kirk Douglas. True, he was a neglected figure, but he was so Unknown. People thought she was writing about the Film actor.

Even Dr Buford Shops, the Chairman of the English Department, had thought so.

'What about your dissertation?' he had asked at the first interview, eight years ago.

'Who are you writing about?'

'Douglas.'

'Douglas?'

'Kirk Douglas.'

'Kirk Douglas? Kirk Douglas? But, well, I mean, how does he relate to English Literature?'

'Kirk Douglas, the English playwright.'

'Do you mean to tell me that there was a Kirk Douglas in English Literature? You understand, I'm sure, that I thought you meant the Film actor. But how is it I've never heard of your Kirk Douglas, and me the Department Head?'

She had felt like telling Dr Shops that Kirk Douglas was not that minor a figure and that if he had never heard of him it was because he had attended a Teachers' College and his Doctorate was in Distributive Education.

Douglas' one play, POLL, A BAWD OF THE GREEN, had been presented once in London sometime around 1750 and he was probably the same 'man with a plague breath' as was mentioned in two of Doctor Johnson's letters.

Not clear references, mind, but likely.

A man named Carmichael in Illinois was writing his thesis on Kirk Douglas' landlady.

Douglas was not unknown, just Neglected.

'Few have heard of Douglas,' she had told Dr Shops. 'Perhaps my dissertation will remedy the neglect.' Damn the dissertation! It had to be at least three hundred pages, insisted her faculty advisor at the University. Old Dr Frankenheimer. Nearly dead, himself. Bad health since his stroke. Insisted on lecturing and had to be brought into class on a stretcher carried by two graduate assistants. He had tenure, of course.

Dr Frankenheimer's mind was not good any more.

Sometimes he seemed not to know who she was when she wrote him or visited him to discuss her progress.

The dissertation had to be accepted by the University before he retired or she would have to start over.

She had already had one extension.

Tiger Boy leaped across the room, giving her a Start.

She shuffled the manuscript and re-read the last paragraph she had written:

'It was not, coming as it did, at the centre of the ballad, but rather, coincidental to, the unfurling of the standard in the third act that reveals, less well than might be, the, some will say, intrinsic, worth of Poll's dilatory attitude with Shalto, the fig merchant, although this is not entirely valid, in as much as Poll's vocabulary, though rich in the pagan mystique, was less vital than Porter's language in THE SULTAN'S PANJANDRUM, written the same year, or there abouts.' It was good solid stuff, even if a little easy to read.

Theda Glenn could not Concentrate. It was impossible to think up one more different way of saying 'this sadly neglected writer' and she had only written one hundred pages.

She got up from the desk and ran the dust cloth, still damp with Plasti-Wax, over the piano again, then she dusted the window sills and the baseboards.

The apartment did not need cleaning.

It was immaculate. Nothing was ever out of place unless it was knocked over by Tiger Boy.

Last week he had dug up the ferns in the flowerpot and Thrown peat moss all over the carpet.

Theda Glenn Banks was five feet tall, with grey blonde hair, a fidgety way of moving, Perfect dentures and a fixed grin.

She put the manuscript Away.

The thought of Laslo was too upsetting. She could not Write, for thinking of Laslo's hips, stuffed into tight Wheat jeans.

If only she had met Laslo thirty years ago. Laslo was a student in her Freshman English Composition class. Laslo Grohler. At first she thought he was Hungarian.

He came to her office one afternoon and she learned otherwise.

'Are you from Europe?' she had asked.

'Kentucky.'

'Kentucky? But your name!'

'Kentucky. My mother named me after a Humphrey Bogart picture.'

'Bogart picture? Laslo. Victor Laslo in CASABLANCA.'

'That's it. My whole name is Victor Laslo Grohler. My pop made them call me Laslo. He thought "Victor" sounded sissy and might make people think I was a Wop.'

'Victor sissy? That's ridiculous! Obviously your father had never seen Victor Mature in SAMPSON AND DELILAH.'

'I think he did,' said Laslo.

She tried to get him to stay, to talk about Faulkner, Joyce, Conrad, but he would not. He was Out for football.

Besides, he had never heard of any of them. His favourite writers were Jack Douglas and Woody Allen.

At that moment, Theda Glenn Banks was sorry that she had ever listened to her old high school principal, who had urged her to Teach. Teaching was so Unimportant.

She would rather be frolicking in clipped grass with Laslo.

But she must not make any overtures.

What had happened to Patience Wolfe could happen to her.

Patience, who had tenure, was Seeing a student, although they never did anything more than meet under the County clock and discuss PIPPA PASSES, but she was fired anyway.

Moral turpitude, Dr Shops had called it. Instead of Frolicking, Theda Glenn Banks

turn to page 35

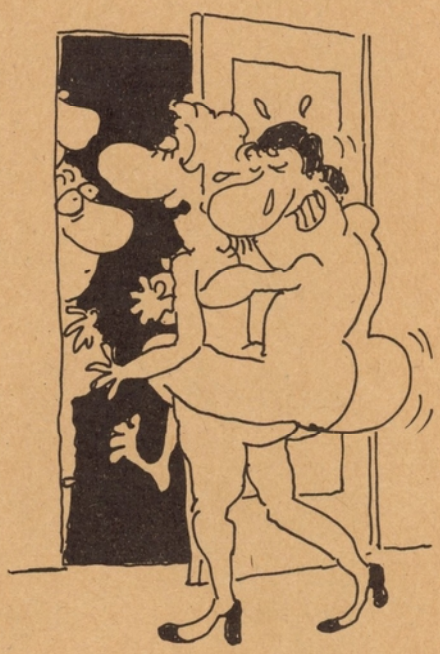
'Same here – a paper hat, a lucky charm and . . . what does your motto say?'

'. . . Action.'

STARRING ROLLS

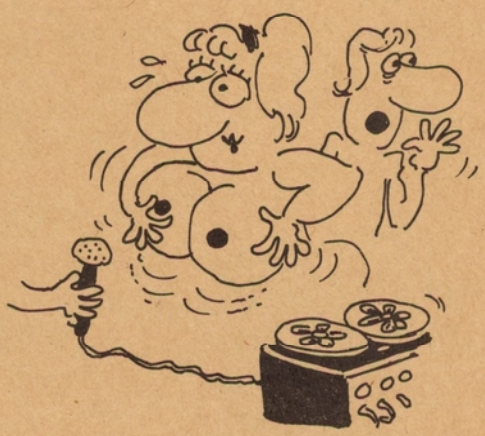
With the silver screen boom in erotic films, Peter Maddocks wonders if today's home movie-makers are keeping pace

'Now be careful, he's our only baritone voice.'



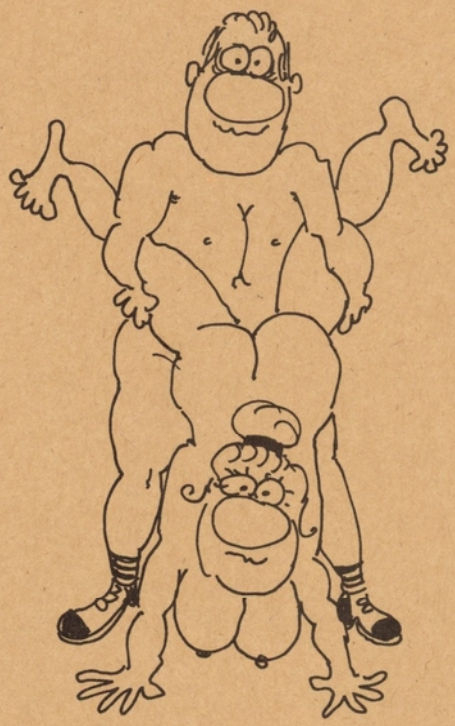
'Actually, we're rehearsing a scene from my next movie!'

'Now in this scene, your husband comes in and finds you in bed with Lassie, Captain Kirk and the crew of the starship Enterprise . . .'



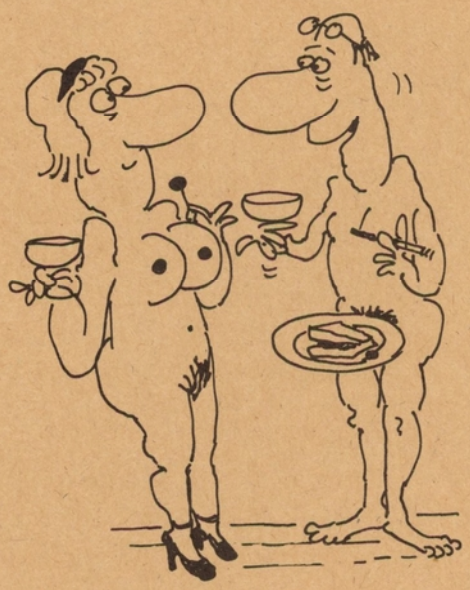
'Quiet please – we're recording.'

'I hope you're using fast film.'



'Great – now I want you to start walking towards the camera!'

'A walk-on part, sure. Now let's see, who can you walk-on?'



'I'm a film censor!'

SECOND OPINION

Mayfair's medical consultancy with Dr. Charles Vintner

This page is to help readers with medical and psychological problems they might find too intimate, or too slight, to take to their doctors. Dr. Vintner's advice is meant to complement that of the reader's GP

I have been worrying over my problem for quite a long time now – I've only just plucked up enough courage to seek advice. It's that during erection, my penis does not stand upright. It grows hard and long but points downwards. Can you offer any explanation or advice? M D, Harborne, Birmingham.

Very few penes are 100 per cent straight when erect. Most have either a right or a left inclination and some have a pronounced downward curve so there is absolutely no need for you to worry. There is ample room inside a woman's vagina to accommodate any variation in penis shape.
The only time there is any need for treatment would be when there is a pronounced angular change of direction which causes you pain or indeed impairs you raising an erection at all. Only then would some remedial treatment be advised. You're quite normal. Forget the angle.

I am 44 years old and have been married for 21 years and have been a diabetic for the past 11. Eighteen months ago I fell ill and spent three weeks in hospital. Two months after, I began to get severe pains in my legs and feet. My doctor told me it was nerves which had been damaged through my illness. During this period of pain and illness I couldn't stand any of my family near me – not even my wife. When the pains finally went I began to think of sex again but found I couldn't get an erection. I again visited my doctor and he told me it was caused through my diabetes and didn't appear interested in helping me. I would be grateful for any advice you could give me as so much depends on it. H B, Leeds, Yorkshire.

Although I have dealt with problems from readers who have difficulty getting an erection before, I feel that in this case it is worth going into again. To give a precise answer would require a clinical examination and tests. It is true, however, that many doctors don't appear interested in patients' sex problems. Doctors are only human and although quite capable of offering advice, like many of their patients find the whole subject of sex very embarrassing. But there's nothing stopping you – or for that matter anyone – changing your doctor.
But before taking such a step you may find a marked improvement in your erection capabilities if you try and use according to instructions the Blakoe Energiser, available from Blakoe Ltd, 229 Putney Bridge Road, London SW15. If this fails, and unfortunately no guarantee can be made that it will be successful – in certain cases it has proved extremely effective – then ask your doctor to be referred to a specialist. And if he won't, find a doctor who will.

Although I am not against regular sex I do find that my boyfriend is content with nothing less than rooting twice a day. Obviously he is very highly sexed and although I do not find this objectionable I would be sincerely grateful if you could inform me as to whether or not he is being unreasonable in demanding sex with such frequency. Is there any drug which has the effect of controlling his libido? A L, Southampton.

Yes, alcohol! It is the only drug available to the public which in large quantities has the effect of lessening sexual desires. But you can't keep your boyfriend permanently pickled!
Intercourse twice daily between young people can hardly be termed excessive, and, in fact, some would consider this to be a mild rate of sexual activity.
Intercourse rate can be three or four times a day but, of course, time and place have to be in the couple's favour – which it rarely is with a career man. Before agreeing that your boyfriend's sexual needs are excessive, I would ask you to consider your own enthusiasm for sex. If your partner's sex drive doesn't accord with yours, perhaps you should find a boyfriend who matches your own sexual needs.

My two flatmates and I share a common problem in that we have tight foreskins. During intercourse, not with each other I might add, we have all experienced persistent and considerable pain, particularly during entry and also with the forcing back of the foreskin over the glans. One of my friends, when seeking advice, was told that a circumcision operation would, at his age, leave him in agony for a week, discomfort for a month and that it would take three months for the skin to heal. We are all rather put off by this and wonder if you can give some clarification? D A, Scotland.

I do not understand why at your ages, around 20 I suppose, the problem was not detected before. Circumcision is normally performed in infancy and is really a very trivial operation with discomfort only lasting a day or so.
But the problem is by no means so drastic as you have been led to believe. In adulthood the operation is more involved, but discomfort is usually gone within a week and within a month the penis is fully up to it again. But if you're still uncertain about resuming sex even then, it would be quite all right to get your girlfriend to perform fellatio on you. And you've got an excuse! The actual operation in normal cases shouldn't require more than an overnight stay in hospital. The degree of tension in the foreskin will, of course, vary from individual to individual and only a doctor making an examination is really in a position to give a complete reassurance. Consult your doctor immediately so he can arrange for you to see a specialist.

Dr. Vintner welcomes your letters and all letters will be treated as confidential. No names and addresses will ever be published, but full names and addresses must be included in your letters. Your letters will be acknowledged by an acknowledgement sent in a plain sealed envelope. The name Dr. Charles Vintner is a pseudonym for a qualified medical practitioner.

DR. VINTNER REPLIES ONLY TO LETTERS FOR PUBLICATION. NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL OTHERWISE BE ENTERED INTO.

Address your letters to: Dr. Charles Vintner, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Today, brothers, we are to learn what our sisters think.

Does that sound all too easy? Then consider this: that great writer, O. Henry, once opined that if men knew what women did when they were alone, we'd never marry 'em. In absolute candour, my friends, I tell you that I never even dared think what that bitter little quip might mean.

The lady I put it all down to is one Nancy Friday. She's a cool-type American lady reporter who had the bright idea of collecting the fantasies of women and recording them for us all in **My Secret Garden** (Virago, £4·50).

Fantasies, you may imagine, are a male preserve. No sir, nothing like that. Nancy F takes the lid off the female mind and gives us all a lovely peek inside. Here are a few fascinating insights into what women think, dream and generally go for before, during, after and instead of . . .

Patricia, for example, a tall blonde American who lives with her lover in Rome, fantasises about this ultra-elegant restaurant – all dinner jackets and *savoir faire* – where she's sitting at a silver-laden table with a heavy hemmed tablecloth. Why the tablecloth? Because beneath it, a man is crouched between Patricia's legs. She thinks he probably slipped down there to pick up his napkin. And while he's down there, his lips between her thighs, kissing the lips of her . . . she's pressing his head to her with one hand and accepting a cigarette or toying with her salad with the other . . .

Now you, the innocent bystander to this fantasy, might suppose there to be nothing wrong with a mere idle daydream, such as any sensual man might have – so why not a woman, too?

Ah, but brothers, listen again: this is a fantasy that Patricia has at the very moment when her lover is spread-eagled between her legs, kissing her as passionately, arousingly and intimately as ever a man can . . .

One discovery that sort of surprised me is the generosity of women. Time and again, they reach climax by specifically thinking, with hubby or lover pounding away in there, of that very same hubby or lover deeply involved with another woman. Here's Karen's fantasy: 'I stand just outside the door, watching them. Ben sits on the sofa and Helen kneels in front of him, unzips his fly and . . . puts his penis in her mouth . . . He reaches for her breasts and fondles them. Her blonde head moves faster and faster, up and down on his penis, pushing her lips back so Ben can see her teeth, small and white, moving as though she is eating some delicious piece of meat. And so, until the wife joins in, and practically dies with pleasure.

Sometimes the most ordinary day-dreams, accompanied by the right household tools, will bring on orgasm upon orgasm. Did you ever think a vacuum cleaner nozzle would turn out so handy? And what about Lillian? While she's peeling potatoes she fantasises that Bill (who he, girl?) will come up behind her, bend her over, and take her right there at the kitchen sink.

Chaps, women fantasise everywhere. They do it in bath – with the tap dripping right on them to bring them to solitary paradise. They dream of sleeping on beaches and being undressed and entered by perfect strangers.

They fantasise about women, too. This is what Dolly thinks about actually while her boyfriend is making love to her: 'I pretend it is my best friend. She gets on top of me and begins kissing my breasts and gently biting my nipples . . .' Another woman, the wife of a merchant seaman, confesses of having experienced lesbianism with two young girls while her husband was away, and fantasising more and more ever since – when she's actually making love with him again. The dream-like experience is really quite sensational! Fantasies are mainly about the forbidden, of course. Girls who talk of masturbating behind a curtain lowered just far enough for their faces to be unseen but their self-caressing bodies to be very visible. Girls who recall sounds they once heard, and the realisation of what those secret sounds really meant. Girls who dream of being call-girls and of initiating father and son in one session. Girls who think about saying the words they know men use so as to stimulate themselves – even deep in the very heart of the solar plexus.

Women who like to look at men in tight jeans, bulging crotches and all, thinking about touching, exposing, even penetrating those masculine mysteries. Girls who think about positions for intercourse – impaled on a prick in the front seat of a car, standing up with her legs about his waist.

One girl's fantasy is so precise, I could hardly tell where dream ended and reality began. She tells how her husband trims off all her pubic hairs, performing naked all the while, as she holds his penis!

That at least is a friendly fantasy as far as the man is concerned. Most of these ladies tell it like they actually want to have that old toothed vagina ready and waiting for us, and we are supposed to feel distinctly under-whelmed by their feelings . . .

And it's nice to conclude with another such – the girl who makes love standing up in the shower: 'I like to lean back and watch as he puts just the tip of his penis into me. Then as the water cascades down our bodies . . . I actually feel he is pumping gallons into me and I always have a prolonged orgasm even without there being any mutual motion between our bodies.'

What's it all about, mother? Nancy Friday says that even if women are physically satisfied, their imaginations can never be satiated.

Hm. Sounds like the actress saying to the bishop: 'Tell me who you were thinking of, and I'll tell you who I was thinking of.' And when he said, 'The new young curate,' she hit him out of jealousy.

Ferdinand Rops' 1896 painting 'Pornokrates' from the M Mabille Collection in Brussels, is one of 40 high quality reproductions contained in 'Temptation' (Pan Books, £2.50), edited by David Larkin. The paintings cover a period of six centuries, from the work of Fra Angelico to that of Salvador Dali and James Lloyd.

I like a man who looks after his equipment

which is why I like Charles. Charles bought one of those super Zerostat anti-static pistols to protect his records. He says that every time you take a record out of its sleeve you charge it with static (and the dust homes in to smother the record and clog up the stylus!). But, by using his Zerostat regularly his records sound sweeter and last longer. The pistol only costs £6.99 inclusive and is so easy to use and costs nothing to run.

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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Carl Orff's compositions were written mainly for the stage. His music is strong rhythmically and is deliberately straightforward. His most popular work, Carmina Burana, consists of lively, rumbustious choral settings of mediaeval poems. Michael Tilson Thomas, one of America's most exciting young conductors, has chosen to record this vividly exciting choral work with the Cleveland Orchestra, **Orff: Carmina Burana** (CBS 76 372). Carmina Burana is a secular cantata and the title literally means 'songs of the Beurons,' which are taken from a set of texts discovered in a Bavarian monastery at Benediktbeuron in South Germany in 1803. Most of the poems date from the 13th century, and were written in low Latin and low German, by an earthy group of vagabonds called the 'Goliards' – defrocked monks and minstrels who spent their time delighting in the pleasures of the flesh. Composed by Orff between 1935 and 36, 'Carmina' is divided into three sections – Spring, The Tavern and Love, which are flanked by an introduction-cum-coda, 'Fortune-Empress of the World'. The variety of instrumental combinations used in the work is wide and fascinating; the many choruses are compellingly vital and rhythmic and the solo contributions are dazzling in their originality and virtuosity.

Mozart and Haydn were the first two great classical symphonists. Haydn's symphonies were written between the ages of 30 and 60 and Mozart began his activities as a symphonic composer when he was only eight. It is not surprising therefore that the more distinctive features of Mozart's symphonies emerge in the later works. In fact the nine symphonies written during the last 12 years of Mozart's life are some of the finest ever written. **Mozart: Symphonies Nos 25-41** (Deutsche Grammophon 2740-110) is a boxed seven LP set of Mozart's Great Symphonies with Karl Böhm conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. In these late symphonies Mozart's mastery of symphonic structure reaches its peak. Their appeal lies not in great length or overwhelming power but in conciseness of form and structural refinement. The seven 'Salzburg' symphonies were written as a series although this unity is based more on external criteria than on the nature of the works themselves. Mozart's last symphony, the 'Jupiter', is often referred to as the symphony with final fugue, although in fact the last movement is not a fugue but a sonata form movement using fugal style.

Although Mozart's symphonies are similar to Haydn's in form, they contain an inner wealth of emotional feeling. The first movement of the G minor symphony K550 is deeply moving. In his last three symphonies Mozart perfected his symphonic art, and these obviously had an effect on Haydn's symphonies, written after them. Haydn once said to Mozart's father, 'Before God and as an honest man, I tell you that your son is the greatest composer known to me either in person or by name. He has taste and what is more a profound knowledge of composition.' In his late symphonies Mozart managed to contain passion and tenderness within a classical form and these and many other works have yet to be surpassed.

The Berlin Philharmonic certainly do these symphonies full justice, the playing is never less than superb and Böhm coaxes playing of the most expressive beauty from the strings.

When Bob Dylan emerged in the early '60s he was labelled a folksinger although he wrote most of his own material. He was inspired by such legendary figures as Woody Guthrie and Blind Lemon Jefferson.

Basement Tapes (CBS 88147) is a double album featuring Bob Dylan and The Band. The songs were originally recorded in 1967 and have been available as a 'bootleg' version for some time. There is throughout, an unabashed enjoyment in music-making which is difficult to capture on record. Beneath the easy rolling surface their lies some fine music played and sung by performers totally committed to their material. The LP ends with 'This Wheel's on Fire' – you may remember the Julie Driscoll/Brian Auger version..

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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

They are still opening them – not the bottles, but the clubs and restaurants. The **Sabah Restaurant,** for example, where they dance on Sundays, a rare facility these days; or **Jake's Restaurant** where they possibly serve the cheapest bottle of Grande Marque Champagne in London; or **Nerone Restaurant,** a new romantic Chelsea rendezvous; or **Chelsea Restaurant,** surprisingly situated in the new £2-million super grand-stand at Chelsea Football Club.

Sabah Restaurant, surprisingly, is situated in Eversholt Street, NW1, right next to Euston Station. 'Don't knock Euston,' says Miss Doreen, the charming lady who runs the *Sabah* – and quite right she is, too.

The *Sabah* fills a definite need for another Sunday dance-spot in London, and the live music provided by the Dave Davani three-piece band makes it well worth the journey to Euston, because their sound is well-modulated and ideal for a quiet evening of dinner-dancing.

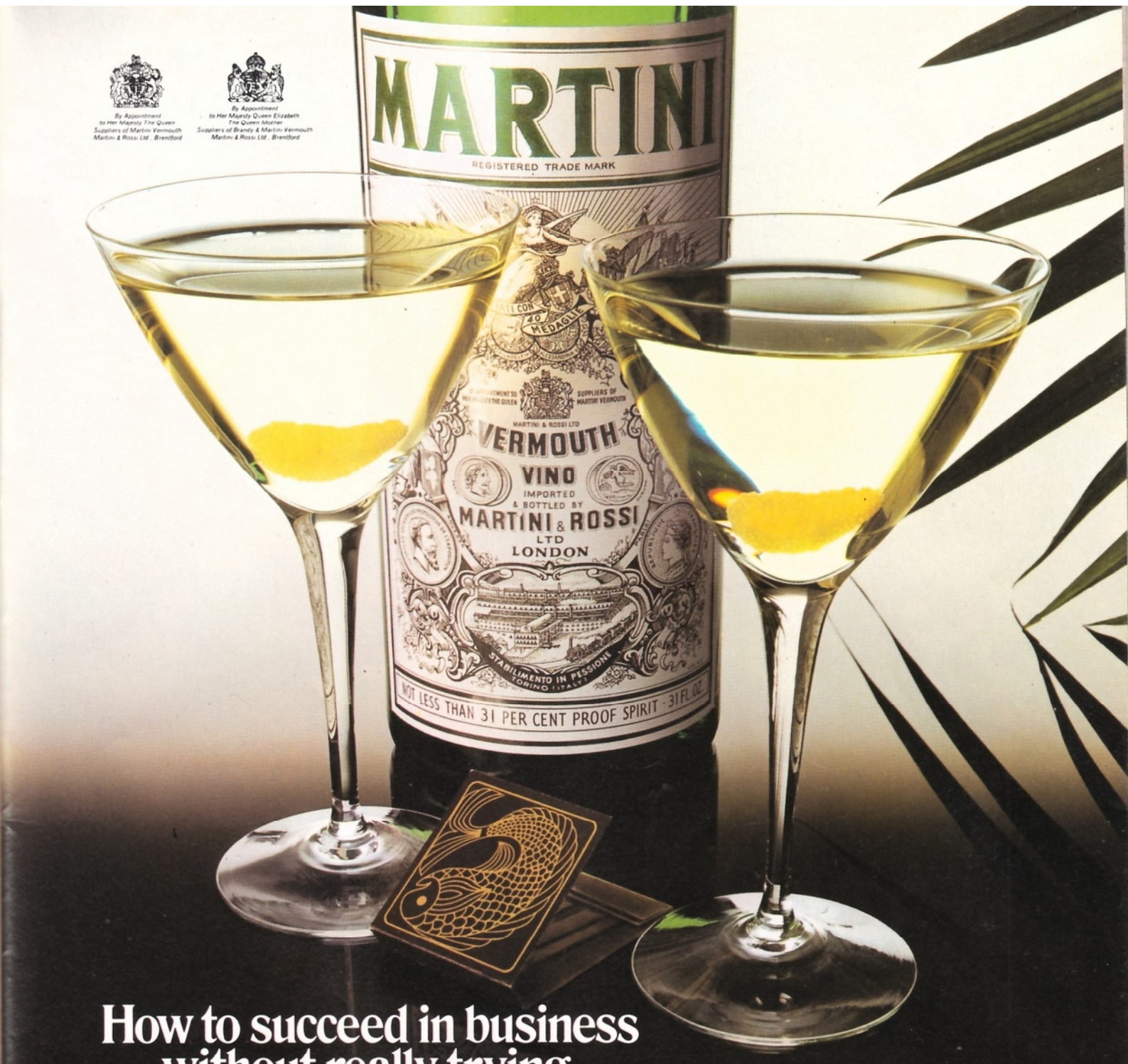
The menu gives you a choice of Malaysian or French cuisine, and the Malay chef and crew produce an excellent *Sate hors-d'oeuvre* dish of chicken, beef or lamb, on very thin delicate wooden skewers.

Wine at about £3 a bottle indicates that your evening will cost you about £6 per head, and there is a cabaret act nightly, normally a girl singer. *Sabah* in fact is the ideal place for a man who wants a quiet evening out with his wife or girlfriend and who finds most places too noisy these days.

Jake's claim to fame is that they serve what appears to be the most economically-priced bottle of Mumm Cordon Rouge non-vintage champagne to be found in a London restaurant (at £3·95 a bottle). In fact there are other reasons why you would normally visit this restaurant at 14 Hollywood Road, off the Fulham Road, SW10. *Jake's* used to be a Persian restaurant and inherited an artistic decor, which cost the previous owners about £5,000. As you enter the room, you pass a small bar (well . . . perhaps you may stop off for one . . .) and take your place at a table in the long thin room, with a painted mural which closely resembles an impression of wind-swept blinds. The house wine is a 'gulper', a wine to taste in the gullet rather than on the tongue, and costs £1·75 per bottle of white, although most people seem to drink the Loire wine *Reserve de Salamandre*, which is French-bottled and costs £2·55. The dishes on the menu are almost entirely English, and cost on average just over £1 per dish, with vegetable of the day at 20 pence per portion.

Nerone Restaurant is situated at 9 Park Walk, also off the Fulham Road, SW10, and could be described as a 'sexy cellar', since the strawberry-coloured Hessian walls and the low lights together with a superb selection of recorded music, create a warm sensual atmosphere. Stephen Pinning, the owner, also runs a record shop, and consequently the range of music played for dancing is exceptional, and sounds exceptional through the seven hi-fi speakers cleverly located around the restaurant. Franco, the *Maitre D'*, enjoys guiding newcomers to the restaurant through the wine-list and strongly recommends the white Soave or Verdicchio, which are both reasonably priced at £2·20 a bottle, against the £1·90 charged for a carafe of wine. The Italian menu is moderately priced as well, and the young clientele recognises this by returning to the restaurant regularly.

Chelsea's should be brought to your attention because it is run by Leslie Linder who was the brilliant mind behind the *Crazy Elephant* and the *Cool Elephant* in the 1960s when discotheques were still a novelty. Leslie Linder's new place has two restaurants, and is part of the re-development of the Chelsea Football Ground, and opens on special occasions for dinner-dancing and cabaret. They recently put on a special evening of cabaret with George Melly, John Chilton and The Feetwarmers, and charged £8·50 inclusive.



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uninhibited dancing caught our eye in a crowded discotheque off Regent Street. 'I love dancing,' she tells us. 'It's my second favourite activity. All kinds. I was in a traditional troupe in Accra before I left, and I toyed with the idea of stage work over here – or at least training for it. But I'm much too short and – ' She giggles, joggling her bosom with a teasing grin – 'I'd shake about too much. Much too distracting, don't you think?' She bursts into rich laughter. And what, we asked, was her first favourite activity? No hesitation. 'Men, of course. Actually I'm very bad. If there's no one really special I tend to have lots and lots of boyfriends, which creates all sorts of jealousies. It's so hard to explain that, and much worse at home, even in the city. Ghanaian men still tend to think in the old ways as

far as their women are concerned. They can be very possessive. Women have much more freedom in London. But it's odd.' She pauses to consider, bright eyes darkening momentarily. 'When there is a man I really want I'm a tiger. He's not allowed to even speak to another girl or I go into a rage.' She laughs. 'You know one man who left me in London I picked up all his clothes and books and hurled them out the window. I felt so bad about it afterwards I offered to buy him everything new. He wouldn't even speak to me!' Such a tigerish mentality must be explosive in bed, we suggested. 'That's not for me to say,' replies Stella. 'Really I'm not angry very often, only when I'm very provoked. Usually with my men I'm very quiet and submissive – ' She grins at our questioning look. 'Oh yes, I can't make decisions, like where to eat or what film to see. A man must do all that.' Course finished, photographic session complete, Stella is now home in Ghana, working as a secretary in Accra before a teaching post in her native Gonja. 'I'll be back,' she promised us. We'll be waiting.

Silk Cut King Size. The mild cigarette.

LOW TAR As defined by H.M. Government

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She Thought of Laslo's Hips

continued from page 18

spent her days in Peachmeat Hall, a modern classroom building where it took Tools to open the windows, with her only diversion being the monthly English Department party.

There was One tonight.

Theda Glenn made it through the day, practising the piano, and reading a Women's Liberation magazine, which contained another interesting article by Naomi Quartz.

At eight o'clock, she dressed in her flaming red dress and left for the party.

This month, the party was at the home of Phil and Winifred Fong, who lived with their two-year-old daughter Brierwood, in an old house downtown, its walls covered with books in shelves of home made lumber.

The Fongs had taken the door off the bathroom as a commitment to Open living and the bottom of the bathtub was covered with big sharp-edged rocks, some the size of coconuts, which they had brought back from the mountains.

At first, it was Cute to bathe on the rocks, but soon the Fongs found it uncomfortable and for weeks they had Not.

As soon as she got to the party, Theda Glenn took up with Maxfield Mueller and Andrew Hotchkiss, two colleagues about her age who were also writing dissertations on minor figures.

Mueller was writing about John Ford, the English playwright, who wrote 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE and Hotchkiss was writing about Richard Burton, the man who translated ARABIAN NIGHTS, looked for the source of the Nile and taught Swinburne how to hold his liquor.

They were standing at the buffet, Hotchkiss drinking beer and Mueller, as usual drinking Pernod because he could safely leave the bottle in the kitchen, knowing no one would steal any.

Before them on the table lay a bounty of snack foods: tuna fish salad, sliced ham, rye bread, hot mustard, Steak Tartare, Brie cheese, a wheel of Cheddar, home made candy, cream cheese covered with Chutney, a warming pan of broccoli dip, a bowl of hot peppers, a stack of thin Swedish wheat crackers, olives, smoked turkey and a big plate of Mrs Fong's glycerin pickle.

They were talking about their theses when Dr Buford Shops and his wife arrived with their ten-year-old son.

'What's going on here?' asked Dr Shops in a hearty voice as Phil Fong took his coat.

'We were just talking about Hemingway,' said Fong.

'Hemingway is Wasteful,' said Dr Shops.

'That's exactly what I was saying, Dr Shops,' said Swayne Pitts, the Wordsworth man, who then shot around a corner into the bathroom, opened the medicine cabinet and drank off two bottles of prescription cough syrup.

Winifred Fong took Mrs Shop's coat of Pinched seal and said, 'Why, Mrs Shops! I believe you've lost weight!'

'I have,' said Mrs Shops. 'This is the least I've wayne in a long time. My, but hadn't it snown lately!'

Andrew Hotchkiss winced and said to Theda Glenn and Maxfield Mueller, 'Don't you just Hate that woman! And trying to cover up that boil on her nose with pancake make-up!'

'She was a Nazarene missionary when Dr Shops met her,' said Parker Christmas, the Faulkner man, who had joined the group.

'What I want to know,' said Mueller, 'is why did they bring their son with them?'

'Don't you know?' asked Theda Glenn. 'He does a parlour trick. He has memorised the entire membership rolls of the local American Legion Post and recites it for the Entertainment of adults.'

Jack Wolper, a young instructor whom Dr Shops had hired because he had an MA from an Ivy League school, but whom he now Saw through, noticed the deep scratch on Theda Glenn's hand.

'Your cat do that?' he asked. 'Look what mine did to me,' he said, pointing to a livid, freshly sutured wound on his throat. 'Almost got my jugular.'

Two young girls from Sigma Nude, three actors, tiny little men carrying open bottles of Bunny Rabbit wine, and two scruffy hippies, men who looked like they could be turned In for a reward, entered.

One of the actors, continuing a conversation begun before they entered, said to one of the hippies, 'I've *been* through Transactional Analysis. I wish I had my thirty-five dollars back.'

A hippie asked Parker Christmas for a cigarette and Christmas handed him a fresh pack. The hippie took one and put the pack in his pocket and started to walk away. Christmas touched his elbow and said, 'You're forgetting my cigarettes.' The hippie returned the pack and snarled, 'That's what I hate about you people! It's always MY cigarettes, MY booze, MY car, MY this, MY that!' and then he went into the bedroom and started unscrewing light bulbs and putting them in his coat pocket.

Mrs Shops was discussing a recipe with Winifred Fong.

' . . . And I borne a hole in a watermelon,' said Mrs Shops. Someone offered her a glass of beer. 'No thanks, I don't drink beer. I don't even drink whiskey.'

'Poor Dr Shops,' said Parker Christmas. 'He doesn't Meet well as it is, and to Have her. She's simply not a nurturing person.'

Mrs Shops was telling someone about her daughter who had recently married a man of whom she did not approve.

'And which they should never have married and which his health was bad.'

Floyd Phipps, who Wrote and who was the worse for drink when he arrived, was standing at the buffet, swaying and eating great quantities of Steak Tartare, spreading it on crackers and his shirt cuffs.

Roland Bonds, husband of one of the Tenured instructors present, and a man who was in the air conditioning duct business, came up to Phipps and said,

'I don't know whether you know it or not, this room being so dark, but that stuff you're eating is Pure D raw meat!'

'I love it,' said Phipps. 'It takes a real man to eat Steak Tartare!'

'Steak Tartare is *passé*,' said Dr Shops.

'Maybe so,' said the air conditioning duct man. 'Give me soft shelled crabs! I reckon that over the last thirty years, I've eaten over fifty thousand soft shelled crabs.'

Dr Shops found Theda Glenn Banks alone.

'One of your Freshmen students, Laslo Grohler, called me at home today,' he said. 'Something about his test booklets. He said you have not returned any of his written work. It's not lost, is it?'

Theda Glenn got flustered. What did Dr Shops know?

'Lost?' she asked. 'Oh, no.' Well, some of them may be. I mean, I have them all, but I'm writing detailed notes for corrections.'

'The students are entitled to have their tests returned as soon as possible, Miss Banks,' said Dr Shops. 'Don't slip up on this Laslo. Sounds like a bright young man.

'Oh, yes, Dr Shops. He's very bright!'

Dr Shops wandered off and started gathering a crowd around his son.

Maxfield Mueller sidled up to Theda Glenn.

'Did I hear him mentioning Laslo?' he asked, nodding in the direction of Dr Shops.

'Is he On to you?'

'On to me? Why, whatever do you mean?'

'Come off it!' said Mueller. 'We all know you give Laslo the Come on.'

'Why, I do not!' said Theda Glenn.

'I don't blame you,' said Parker Christmas. 'He's got hips like an Iroquois chieftain.'

Phil Fong found Swayne Pitts in the bedroom, drinking the baby's Sulfa compound.

The baby's name BRIERWOOD was on the wall in cut out art board letters a foot high. Fong asked Pitts to leave, but he was nice about it.

'Depart as my guest,' he said.

The poet in residence, Sigfried Satterfield, who had been published in both AWK'S NEST *and* SOAPSUDS AND BEANS, arrived near the end of the evening, wearing red cowboy boots and ragged clothes.

He demanded silence and recited the poem he had written on the way over.

'I pull down the wind,
The field to cool apace.
Star cold, star cold air
And the snow was green.
And the snow was green.
And the snow was green.'

The air conditioning duct man and Floyd

turn to page 100

Could we just run through that again?

Fencing with foil, epeé and sabre is enjoying a revival throughout the world. Paul Brock looks into a sport that began as a murderous necessity

Illustration from 'The School of Fencing' published by Edita of Lausanne and available in the United Kingdom from Patrick Stephens Limited, priced £75 (paper boards) £100 (leather).

Though the Age of Duelling is over in most civilised countries, the Age of Fencing is just beginning. Since the days when the only way for a gentleman to settle a heated argument was with the point of his rapier, there has been a lingering affection for the art of swordsmanship. This is being expressed today in the enthusiastic come-back that cold steel is making.

The clash of weapon against weapon can be heard with increasing frequency in athletic halls throughout the country. Sword-wielding antagonists once more thrill the onlookers as, with every muscle tensed, they step like tigers, their quick eyes alert for openings into which they can thrust their slender, glittering blades.

Because of the present emphasis on physical fitness their numbers are increasing every day. For of all vigorous exercises guaranteed to keep heart, lungs, muscles and reactions in fine shape and melt away unwanted fat, fencing is pre-eminent. Just one rugged hour with the foils can drench a swordsman in sweat. It can stretch every muscle, and force heart and senses to work at a rate which is both exhausting and exhilarating.

Fencing has certain advantages over other vigorous sports. It takes up little room. Any cleared space with an even floor can be used, indoors or out. It's inexpensive, too. A full set of first-class fencing equipment to last a lifetime can be bought for less than £50.

Neither is fencing unduly time-consuming. One hour a day three or four times a week is

enough to steadily improve performance. Swordsmanship in its present form originated towards the end of the Middle Ages, the 'Age of Chivalry.' At that time fighting among the aristocracy and among the ordinary people differed considerably. The knight was completely encased in a suit of armour so cumbersome that it sometimes needed anything from one to three squires or pages to put him on his horse. His weapons were a host of brutal armour-cracking instruments, such as the mace, the lance and the two-handed poleaxe. Much of his skill lay in finding an armour strong enough to withstand the blows of his adversary's similar weapons.

The ordinary fighting man, however, could not afford all this. He had only a small hand buckler for defence, and a large, clumsy two-edged sword or stout wooden 'wafter' or cudgel for attack. So he relied more on his agility and skill.

But towards the end of the 15th century the top brass began to abandon their armour and imitate their social inferiors. They were forced to go to fencing academies and learn from plebeian instructors. Then, instead of the large unwieldy sword which had been in use, the Italians introduced the rapier, whose chief feature was that, unlike the knight's ponderous weapon, it had a point as well as a long, double-edged blade. This altered all the accepted movements of swordsmanship, and the Italian masters rapidly spread across Europe to teach their new methods.

They were regarded with the greatest distrust at first, especially in England. There they were 'foreigners' trying to bring in their treacherous methods of fighting to replace the lusty old British hack-and-hew tactics which had existed for generations. Nevertheless, by the 16th century, the rapier, with its long slender blade and ornamental hilt, had been accepted as the only masculine weapon of attire. The Italian masters came and went, and were replaced in the 17th century by the French masters, whose influence still remains.

Against much opposition, they introduced the mask for protection of the face while practising. Under them swordsmanship has been changed and modified until – after nearly 400 years of practical experience – we have formed the principles of modern fencing.

The weapons we use today bear the mark of that gradual change. The sabre, with its cutting edge, is the descendant of the broadsword. The epée is like the 19th-century duelling weapon and fencing with it is deliberately made as much like a duel as possible. In fact if the button were removed from its point, the epée could still be used for a duel to the death. The third fencing weapon is the foil, an 'artificial' sword which is used for what is more like a game of skill than practice for actual fighting. It was introduced when duelling ceased and fencing became a sport.

Of the three the sabre is the strong man's weapon. Sabre-fencing is the most strenuous, rough-and-tumble version of the game. It differs from foil and epée in that the edge of the weapon is used as well as the point. The upper part of the adversary's body is the target, and either cut or thrust can be used to gain a point.

A sabre match is the most exciting type of fencing for the spectators. The steel rings loudly as sword meets sword, and sparks actually fly from the blades. Various types of sabres are used, but the light Italian sabre, 34 inches long and slightly curved, is the most popular.

The epée is a stiff, three-sided duelling sword, an adaptation of the rapier with a large bell or guard protecting the hand. Its original intent was simple and direct, and still is in unprotected combat – to disable or kill swiftly. One touch from an epée can win a bout, for it is assumed that if the weapon really did penetrate the body or limbs the fencer would be unable to continue. The epée is an exciting weapon to handle, for it is symbolically deadly and violent. In fencing with it the target includes every part of the antagonist including his arms, legs, hands, head and feet.

The stronger part of the epée blade – the part nearest to the guard – is called the *forte*, while the remainder of the blade is known as the *faible*. A triple-pronged point (*point d'arret*) is fixed to the button of the epée so that hits made on the opponent's clothing will not glance off. An electric judging apparatus is used in major epée events. The epée point is made to depress a small spring that completes a circuit to ring a bell and light a lamp

turn to page 42

Duelling with the 'Schläger', a cutting sword, was common among 19th century German students. They wore iron goggles for protection.

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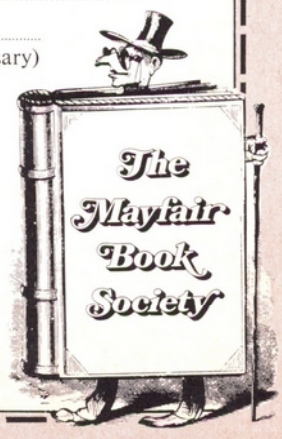


Could we just run through that again?
continued from page 38

whenever a hit is scored. A martingale (a loop of cord attached to the handle and passed round the fingers) is a safety factor on the weapon to protect the onlookers if a fencer is disarmed and his epée is sent flying away from his grip.

Foils are the most popular of all fencing weapons, and foil-fencing is the only one in which women take part regularly. A skilled woman foil-fencer can give a skilled male foil-fencer all he can take in a bout. A man has no advantage over a girl in fencing with foils. If anything, he is at a disadvantage for in this type of swordsmanship delicacy and lightness of touch play important parts and these womanly attributes are effectively transferred to the darting point of a woman's foil.

The foil itself has a flexible, four-sided, tapering steel blade with a handle eight inches long and a light metal hand guard. It is lightly held with palm and fingers, the thumb resting on the upper side of the grip. To use the weapon demands extreme accuracy, since the target is restricted to the breast and flank, from the neck to the waistline. Touches on the arms, hands, mask, neck or below the waistline are fouls. The attack with the foil is an attempt to hit the opponent's body with the tip of the weapon by movements of it and the body called *thrusts*. Movement used for defence are called *parries*. A *feint* is a movement designed to mislead an opponent into parrying in a direction different from that of the actual attack. The thrust may be simple, consisting of a single movement of the blade, or composite, consisting of several movements in combination.

A *straight thrust* is a direct hit obtained by straightening the arm and lunging. A *disengagement* is a change of direction followed by a straight thrust, which differs from a coupe ('cut') in that the disengagement is under instead of over the opposing weapon. The *riposte* is an attack made immediately following a parry. The *coup de temps* ('time thrust') is a slashing attack anticipating an opponent's thrust, and the *coup d'arret* ('stop thrust') is a rapid attack developed during an opponent's advance.

A real attack is usually preceded by one or more false attacks or feints designed to make the opponent parry too soon so that the attacker may deliver his real attack on some part of the target which his opponent leaves uncovered.

Fencing more than any other sport has to be learned by actual practice under an instructor. It is not easy. Any beginner who thinks otherwise should take up a position opposite a wall and try to 'point' by lunging at a fixed spot on the wall. It proves surprisingly difficult to hit the spot with the point of the foil, and equally difficult to hit it correctly so that the foil under the pressure bends upwards as it is supposed to do between hilt and point.

Competitive fencing matches like the ones held at the Olympic Games take place on a strip 40 feet in length and between 5 feet $10\frac{7}{8}$ inches and 6 feet $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide.

Fencing competitions are judged by a jury consisting of a president and four judges. Two judges watch each competitor and advise the president when a hit is scored on the fencer they are watching. Foil and sabre bouts are usually fought for the best of seven or nine hits. Epée bouts, formerly for one hit, are now usually for the best of three or five hits.

'Taking the strip' (indulging in a duel) invariably results in a terrific build-up of tense, wild excitement which prompts both adversaries to use their vocal chords as well as their muscles and brains. Along with the clash of steel against steel the air crackles with staccato cries, taunts, curses and shouts of triumph.

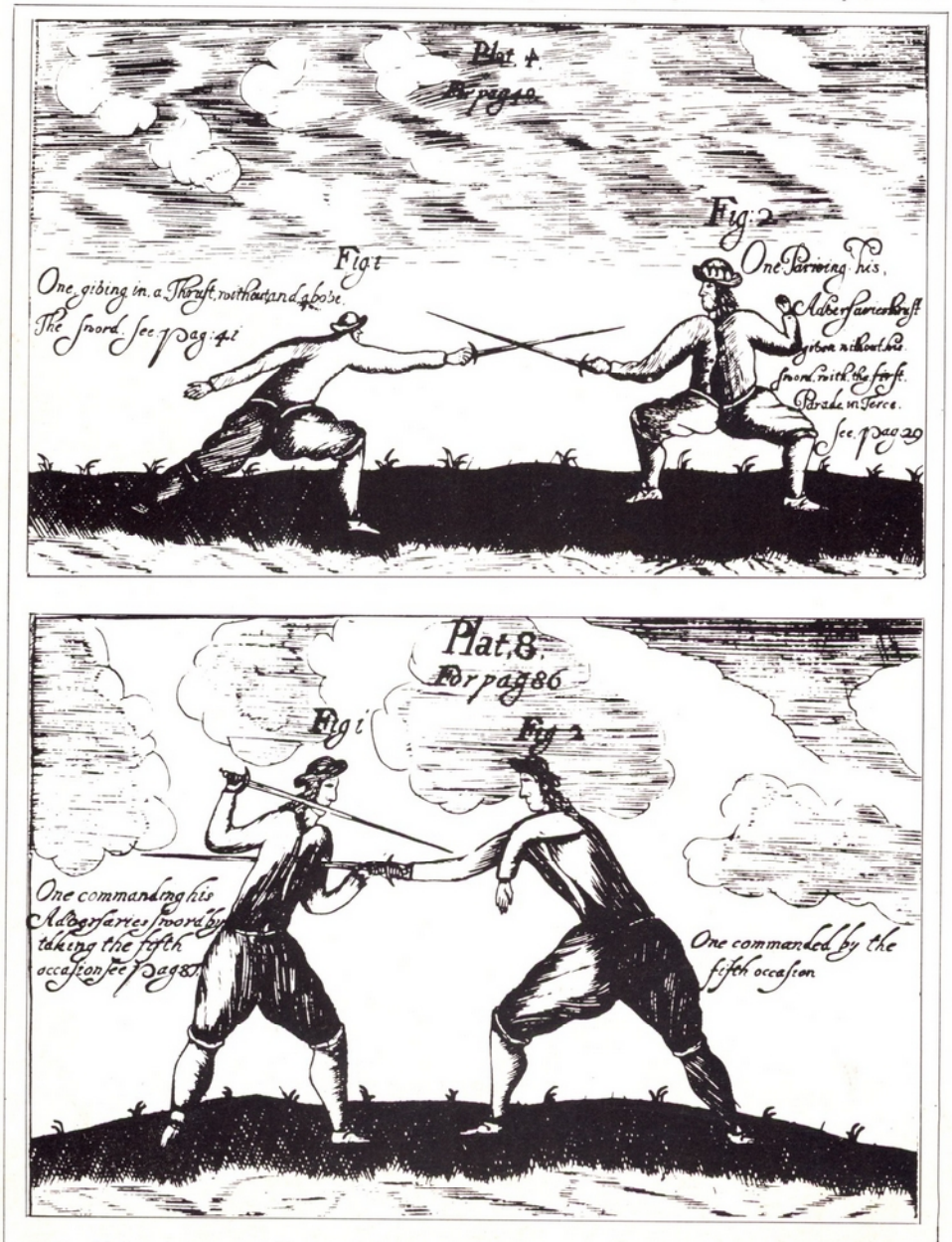
Such vocal in-fighting is perfectly legitimate, and however raw the blasphemy no fencer is ever taken to task for it. Swear words, groans and vilifications are interspersed with the original French swordsman's expressions screamed with Gallic fierceness and menace. 'Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h-la!' as the gleaming blade lunges forward, 'Touché!' as a hit is scored, 'Ho! Ho!' and 'Hé la la!' as the antagonists prance, dance and seek to come as close as they can get to running each other through.

In all bouts with sabre, epée or foil, wire masks, gauntlets and white padded jackets are worn to protect the body. Though this gives the impression that the sport is highly dangerous, the fact is that in Britain at least more injuries occur to dart-players. Shocking accidents have happened in other countries, however. At the world fencing championships in Stockholm during 1951, Mogens Luchow, Denmark's world epée champion, met a tough Finnish army captain named Ilmari Vartia. Luchow parried Vartia's attack, thrust sharply and powerfully in riposte.

His stiff, three-cornered blade somehow plunged deep into the Finn's chest.

'There is no danger,' gasped Vartia as the blade was eased out of the wound, its protective tip still in place. A moment later, however, with blood staining his white fencer's jacket, Captain Vartia slumped to the floor.

He was dead, skewered through the heart, protective button and all.



Early 18th century small sword fighting. Fencing is first practised for its own sake.

MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government

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some old farmer ?' Her 36C breasts wobble as she wriggles the rest – 24 inch waist and 36 inch hips – in her seat, surveys the crowded cafe, white uniformed waitresses frantically flitting from table to table; she takes another bite from her Downhome Doubleburger and a ladylike sip from her Budweiser, Polish-brewed lager. 'Lots of famous people come here but I don't like it for that.

They have the best hamburgers in London. I'm really a working girl . . . but I suppose that *that* is a bit boring, being a cashier . . . I know what you're thinking, but no, I haven't come into the money.' Hot fudge follows as sweet. 'I eat like a horse at weekends and count the calories during the week – I even drink soda water at the pub. Takes all the fun out of it though . . . drinking, silly. *And* that!'

ADAM'S EVES

Our diary of a man-about-birds

Joanna's a music lover –
Has her own way of enjoying
Mozart's String Quintet
in E flat.

Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto in B flat
Minor brings out the beast in her.

Whenever she hears the Bach March for Three Trumpets & Timpani there's no holding her. Live or on record it makes no difference . . . And what *Fidelio* does to her has to be seen to be believed!

I hear that a street violinist playing Smetana was last seen heading for the back streets with Joanna in hot pursuit . . .

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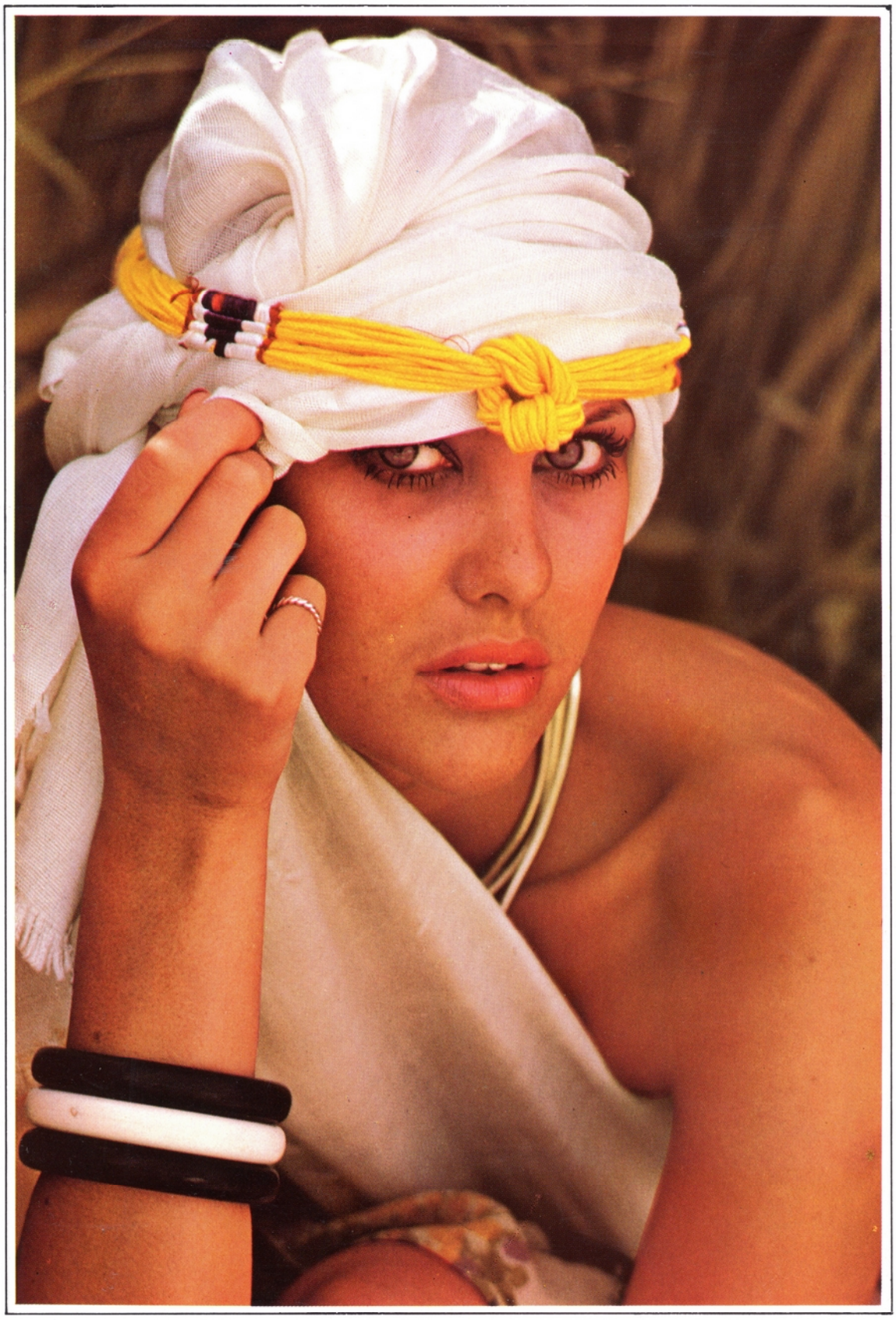

DEBBIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

The adjective 'leggy' seems to have been invented for her. Five feet 10 inch tall Debbie Monro, sweet-faced, sun-burnished her 36-24-37 inches evoke the scented soft-limbed curves of a harem dream. All the more reason then for flying her and photographer Clive McLean – courtesy of Tunis Airways – to an isolated paradise of Arabian delight: the sand-duned island of Jerba off the north east coast of Africa, close to Tunis. There, on the empty beaches ringing the modern Dar Jerba Hotel complex Debbie stripped for the camera, transformed photographically into a *houri* of Mohammedan belief, a voluptuous nymph whose sensual desires – and the means to satisy them – are without limit. 'It was absolutely fabulous,' she enthused afterwards. 'The hotel is built in a traditional Arab way, but there's every modern amenity as well. You can play tennis or water polo in the hotel swimming pools or just lie in the sun. There's a local town called Hamsouk and the bazaar there is marvellous. Just as long as you're prepared to bargain!'

Highpoint of Debbie's week-long sojourn was a camel ride. She laughs at the memory. 'Actually they're quite awful animals. They have foul breath and very short tempers. Luckily all those the hotel have for hire are muzzled and a little man comes along to keep it peaceable. But camel riding is an extraordinary experience.' Did the role of Arab women appeal ? Another smile. 'I do like my boyfriends to be in charge – I mean to show confidence in what they're doing. But I'm ghastly if I can't have my own way! I don't think a real Arab would be very impressed by that. Mind you,' she grins, 'I can see the appeal of the Valentino scene, being dragged off by some exotic horseman and ravished in his desert tent. He'd have to carry me back home in the morning, though!'

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Hallowed Hornets

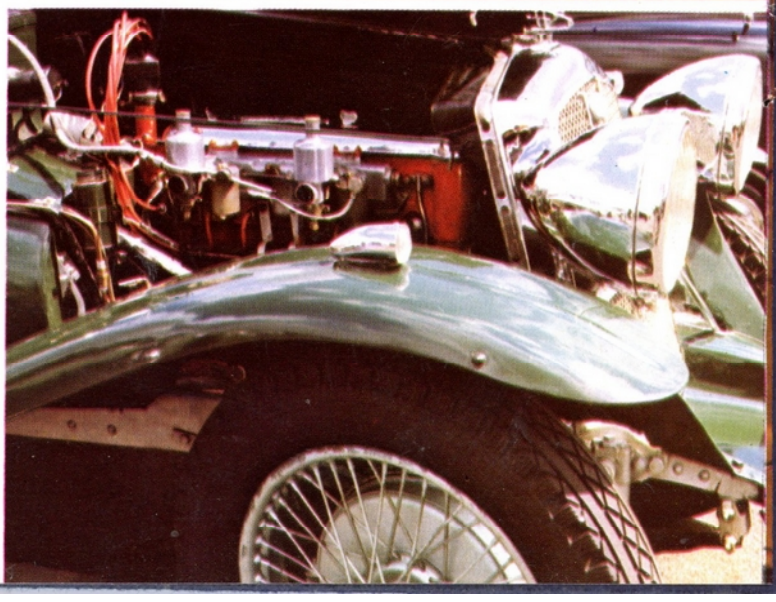
In the 1930s Wolseley Hornets offered sporty, cheap, six-cylinder motoring. Today, they still have their devotees

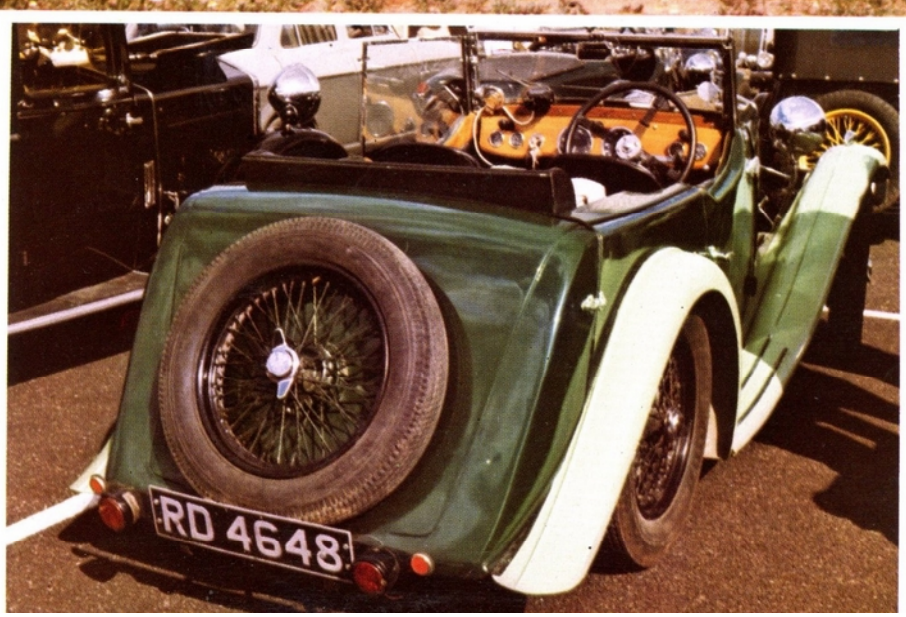
Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland

The name Wolseley arouses different feelings in different persons. You may associate it with a very famous make of pioneer motor-car. Or you may think of it as the car containing the cops who are about to do you for speeding and perhaps rob you of your driving licence. Again, it is a name that evokes memories for some of us of the Hornet Sports speeding round Brooklands Track in long-distance races, like those Light Car Club Relay forays. It can even imply some rather mediocre small cars of long ago.

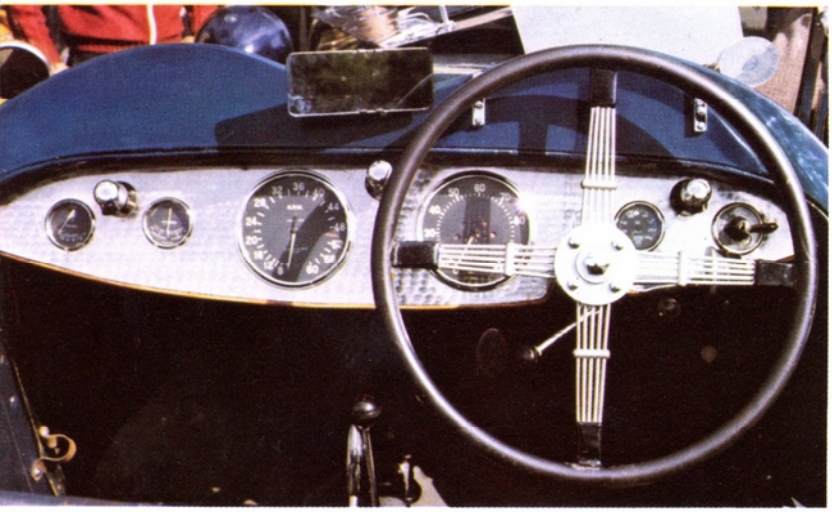
All these impressions are correct. The first Wolseley was made by the Sheep Shearing Company of that name as long ago as 1895, so this is a pioneer make right enough, with the significance that old Herbert Austin was behind it, before he branched out on his own to build those dependable Austin motor-cars in which wise people invested, before the war. The police certainly liked Wolseleys – from the days when there was no open road speed limit and you were not supposed to exceed 30 mph in towns. They found the big 25 hp saloon Wolseleys, which had no mean performance for their day, very useful for chasing those who, not content with their new-found country freedom, kept the taps turned-up in the built-ups.

The Wolseley – in its small, six-cylinder, between-wars guise – became a sports car known as the Hornet and the





Main picture, above: Barry Baxter completely rebuilt this 1934 Wolseley Hornet Special. Far left, top: a 1933 1,271 cc, 12.08 hp Hornet Special, with Eustace Watkins two plus two tourer body. Far left, bottom: Howard Carter's 1934 Hornet Special, with Samuel Holbrook four seat tourer bodywork. Bottom, left: the 12.08 hp power plant of Howard Carter's 1934 Hornet Special. Left: an extremely rare 1933 Wolseley Hornet Special, with a two plus two tourer body by Meredith Coachcrafts Ltd. Ingeniously designed, the hood section folds into the boot.



Opposite page, top: Barry Baxter's 1934 Wolseley Hornet Special which came second in the Wolseley Hornet Special Club's 1975 concourse. Bottom: a 1932 Hornet Special with boat-tail body by Swallow (who started making sidecars and motor bodies, then the Swallow SS and, of course, became Jaguar). Above, top: interior of a 1932 Hornet Special (also seen above, centre). Above, centre: identical to the car Autocar used on their road test in April 1932, this Hornet Special has only been on the road eight years. Built in 1932, it was garaged in 1938 where it remained until 1974. Above: David Pugh's yellow-wheeled Hornet Special, seen on page 62. Above, right: the rare 1933 Hornet Special seen on page 63, winner of the WHS Club's 1972 concourse.

Hornet Special, which is why it evokes motor racing memories for some of us. And it is a fact that after the great Vickers Armament firm had shown a financial interest in the car it appeared, just after the 1918 Armistice, as a terribly pedestrian Ten – a pathetically slow little car, its lack of urge the opposite of what one might have expected from its overhead-camshaft engine based on the Hispano-Suiza V8 aeroplane motor. At that period of motoring history, Wolseley's design staff didn't seem sure whether a two-cylinder flat-twin or an in-line four-cylinder was the best way of giving the new motoring public inexpensive transport. They made both, and of the two I am inclined to think that the flat-twin water-cooled Wolseley, with its little clock-like power unit, was the nicer of two evils. Mark you, Wolseley must have been all too sadly aware of the guts-lacking character of the four-cylinder overhead-camshaft Ten, because they paid Sir Alastair Miller, Bt. to make fast record-breaking and racing Tens. Which Miller did most effectively – his aluminium single-seaters being capable of over 80 mph.

But I am supposed to be writing about a much later Wolseley product, more in keeping with the era when you could spot a police Wolseley in your mirror at night by the little light it kept burning in its radiator badge – Wolseley Hornets and Wolseley Hornet Specials of the 1930s.

They were a sporting development of the Wolseley Hornet saloon, which came along in 1930. By then William Morris (who became Lord Nuffield) had gobbled up the Wolseley Empire, and this new model from the Ward End, Birmingham, plant was based on the overhead-camshaft Morris Minor engine. But whereas the Minor was a four-cylinder car, the new Hornet from Wolseley boasted six cylinders. It was one of the pioneer very small sixes. Armstrong Siddeley and Mathis were others who fell for the ploy. The idea that to motor behind six pots was much nicer than doing so behind a mere four was tempered by carburettor problems,

turn to page 74

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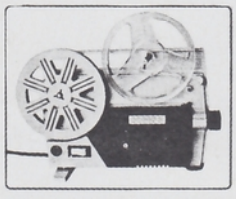

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LISELOTTE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

One of the better aspects of working in London during the summer months is the enormous influx of girls from abroad who have the delightful habit of stopping you and asking in halting English the best way to get to the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace or the nearest discotheque. It was by seeking directions to the latter that baby-faced Liselotte Linstedt came into the *Mayfair* compass. Liselotte is just 18 years old and lives in Stockholm. Her visit to London, on a student-arranged package tour, was her first, but after a week of non-stop sight-seeing, she hankered rather more for heavy, as opposed to historical, rock. 'I sometimes have trouble when I go out to discotheques at home,' confided Liselotte. 'Because I look so young, people won't serve me with drinks and it gets a bit embarrassing sometimes.' She giggles. 'It's been nice in London though; everyone has been charging me children's fares on the buses.' Liselotte pauses and sticks out her dimpled chin with determination. 'But,

she continues firmly, 'I hate it when men try treating me like a child just because I happen to have a baby face. Look at my body. That's not a child's body, is it?' 37–24–36 are certainly a woman's measurements by any standards, we reassure Liselotte and she smiles, gratified. 'I think that is why I seem to be attracted to older men. Boys my own age tease me and make fun of me. Men a little older, say in their early thirties appreciate me much more.' So do we, Liselotte, so do we.

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Controlled tests have proved this method to be reliable and totally safe.

While most methods remain closely guarded secrets the Chartham Method has nothing to hide. All the facts are published including actual test results – a firm testimony to the success of this revolutionary method.

The Chartham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by Dr.Robert Chartham, Ph.D.

A NEW BREAKTHROUGH

There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement – the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and. an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £10.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

IF NO RESULTS ARE ACHIEVED AFTER CARRYING OUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD AS DIRECTED A FULL REFUND WILL BE MADE ON ITS RETURN TO US.

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ETERNAL ORACLES

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb: No. 15

Golden eyes, clear colouring,
a mouth more appealing than
a red rose bud, a statue's neck,
splendid disturbing breasts,
feet neatest of neat.
If in the dark hair there's
also a speck or prickle
of white, I'm not to
be put off by the
mere forewarning
of snow.

original by Rufinos
(A spirited epigrammist,
he lived between the 2nd
and 5th centuries AD.
He may have been a
native of Ephesos.
Thirty-six of his
epigrams survive.)

Hallowed Hornets

continued from page 64

too long and consequently whippy crankshafts and other difficulties. The Hornet's engine was of 57 × 83 mm bore and stroke, giving a swept volume of only 1,271 cc. Not only that, but to cram this six pot power unit with its camshaft drive at the front, into a small car of 7 feet 6⅜ inches wheelbase meant that the radiator had to be shoved forward well ahead of the front axle, which was the beginning of the end of nice-looking cars.

The Wolseley Hornet may have seemed unpleasant to those brought up in the older tradition of cars. But this over-engined little saloon, which sold for a very modest £175, was quick, had a good top-gear performance (though that gear was of 4.78 to 1) and it ran smoothly in a fashion unrivalled among the little cars of its time.

This Wolseley Hornet six-cylinder engine became the basis of some famous MG models, just as the original overhead-camshaft Morris Minor engine, perhaps a throw back to that overhead-camshaft Wolseley Ten engine of 1920, had formed the power pack of the first MG Midget, the fabric-bodied M-type.

People took their Hornets in for competitions, they went well, and it was inevitable, in an age when open cars were still popular and the Sport in amateur's hands was definitely flourishing, that there should soon be a Sports Hornet. This arrived in the guise of the Abbey two/four-seater Wolseley Hornet which was so popular that it was quickly followed by an EW two-seater sports Hornet. A few years later, when the Vintage Sports Car Club was in full cry, its enlightened members laughed like anything at these so-called sports Hornets. This was mainly because they were made to look fast solely by outward additions such as a fold-flat screen, spring-spoked steering wheel, cut-away driver's door, a dummy rear petrol tank, cycle-type front mudguards, etc. It was, however, all satisfactorily inexpensive, the Abbey model selling for only £210. Hornet coupés came along as well and Michael McEvoy, of fast big-twin motor cycle fame, who was playing with Zoller superchargers at the time, also got interested and brought out a McEvoy Special edition of the Wolseley Hornet. This had a doorless, pointed-tail body and an external handbrake, and cost £240. But he had tuned the engine by his own clever methods; he was later to build Hornet Specials that eradicated much of the scorn poured on the other versions.

Meanwhile, Wolseley's had realised that a nicer, bigger Hornet saloon was required. So they prepared enlarged, better-looking closed bodies. In order to accommodate these on the abbreviated chassis frame, they reduced the length of the Hornet Six engine by installing chain-drive for the overhead camshaft, in place of the original shaft drive – which was no bad thing, anyway. By setting the steering track-rod ahead instead of behind the front axle and omitting the water pump from the engine specification, it was all packed in to form the bulbous 1.2-litre Wolseley Hornet saloon. It was all too ghastly – the weight distribution . . .

However, there was at least some salvation in sight. Wolseley's offered the Wolseley Hornet Special chassis to coachbuilders, who were thus able to set upon it more suitable open sports bodies. There was the Eustice Watkins Daytona Special, a very good-looking job with scuttle cowls, knock-off hub caps, headlamp stone-guards, etc. It made the 30/98 and 4½-litre Bentley fraternity vomit. But it was what a lot of Brooklands-bound young bloods and their birds wanted. They could have it, too, for only £298. Moreover the Hornet's shaky reputation was somewhat retrieved when a team of such cars won the 1932 Brooklands Relay Race, at an average speed of 77.57 mph. The drivers were F S Hutchins, B H Wickens and E J Erith, who used a mixed team, consisting of a couple of E W Daytona Specials and an E W International Hornet.

This sort of opened the flood gates of Hornet development. A cross-flow head, as used by MGs, and a legacy of Abingdon's extensive racing and record-breaking endeavours – 'The racing car of today is tomorrow's touring (or sports) car' – two SU carburettors for the Hornet Specials and even an improved chassis frame. The Hornet Special chassis was intended to woo the specialist coachbuilders. It did. Swallow put a neat four-place body on it, with front bucket seats and fixed cycle-style front wings. The Duke of Richmond, then the Earl of March and well-known in motor racing circles, evolved the March Special on this chassis and when this finally received an engine of 1,604 cc, as used for the Hornet Fourteen saloon, with twin gas-works and duralumin connecting-rods, the thing began to move.

These cars still tended to be over-endowed with bogus sporting equipment. But it has to be conceded that the Hornet Special wasn't a bad chassis on which to build, especially as the body-builders could acquire one for as little as £175. This included dropped side-members, wire wheels kept in place by eared centre-lock hub caps, an integral dash structure with a panel carrying the speedometer, rev-counter (or, more primly, tachometer), all the auxiliary instruments and the wiring, even the headlamps and mascot, while the plot included a rear-mounted fuel tank, a remote gear lever, controlling a four-speed and reverse gearbox having ratios of 17.5, 10.5, 6.64 and 4.89 to 1, half-elliptic suspension, and Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes with generous 12 inch diameter drums. All this on the original wheelbase, making for a good power/weight ratio, especially as the small-six poked out 50 bhp at 4,500 rpm in its bigger guise. Indeed, the chassis of the 1933 1,271 cc model weighed only 11¾ cwt.

There had been the inevitable troubles. The first oh-camshaft drive was through the dynamo, which was upended to act as a vertical shaft and, as on current MG models, oil leaked onto it from the camshaft and put the electrics out. The chain drive used, as aforementioned, to shorten the length of the power unit when bigger closed bodies were put on the short-length chassis, was satisfactory until the cross-flow cylinder head sent the revs and potential up, which gave this chain-drive the flaps. After tentative cures via chain tensioners, a two-tier chain drive had to be designed. However, all engines present such problems and it may be that the Wolseley Hornet was ahead of its time, and thus was trying to live against sports car sentiments handed down from the sterner age of such motor-cars. It certainly looked good in the eyes of many and it gave both sporting driver and saloon-car buyer a taste of six-cylinder torque and smoothness such as they would not otherwise have been able to afford.

Now, inevitably, the Wolseley Hornet is a rare possession and comes into that unique category, a collector's piece.

To be taken before or after.

Directions:
Rip the mink from her shoulders, turn down the lights and look for the Campari.
You won't find it, so turn up the lights again.
With a hand limp from passion pour out two measures.
Add ice, a shoosh of soda and a juicy slice of orange.
Proceed in a gentlemanly fashion.
If not rebuffed, pour yourself another stiff one.

There's no Camparison.

Have you ever dreamed of ending up in bed with two beautiful and willing women at the same time? Impossible, you say. Improbable at the least. But not if you follow this handy guide to the devious art of double seduction

One into two will go

By Michael Crecy Peterson

Do you remember that scene in Henry Miller's book, *Sexus*, where Miller and his wife invite the girl from upstairs to share their reawakened marital bliss? Fact or fiction, what do you think? An orgy with three people called Henry, Maude and Elsie has just got to be real. No matter. Whether it's Henry, Maude and Elsie or Mark, Jane and Dolores it's all good horny stuff anyway. I wonder how many people have put that book down with a wistful sigh thinking that it could never happen to them.

I always used to work on the theory that if one girl was good news then two would be twice as nice. I mean simultaneously. When I was fortunate enough to abandon theory I discovered how wrong I was. Two are four times better. For the mathematicians among us I will share a long held belief that there is probably some sort of sexual square law operating. Two girls are four times better, three girls are nine times better, four girls sixteen times and so on.

Now I have never actually been able to test this idea but I am available should Masters and Johnson want to follow it up. In the meantime I am philosophical and accept that the sum of human happiness will rarely, if ever, exceed an amount four times greater than that of your average man.

'But how?' I hear you cry. 'How do we get to see whether three really is company? We don't meet girls like the two dollies who tore off David Hemmings' clothes in *Blow Up*.' Yes, you do. You are just not trying hard enough.

The first thing to understand is that like any other worthwhile human endeavour you have to work at it. If you hang around waiting for these two girls to leap on you and tear your trousers off you will be waiting for some time. Unless you are David Hemmings and if you are you have little to learn from me but I hope you enjoy the rest of the magazine. You need determination, cunning and a good understanding of female psychology. To be honest, you need luck as well.

So there you are in your swish bachelor pad, with these two lovely girls Jane and Dolores. They can be Maude and Elsie if you prefer or if your name is Henry. What do you do, try the subtle approach? 'Come on girls, let's fuck?' It's strange but even in these enlightened times girls do not readily admit that they do things like that, not in front of strangers and that is what you are, Mark or Henry or whatever you call yourself. So you play the host, turn the lights down, offer drinks, put on some music, chat a little. God, imagine those two beautiful bodies stretched out hungry for you! Imagine the incredibly complex patterns made by your entwined limbs as you slake your lusts from each other! Imagine . . . stop imagining, Jane is talking about some new shade of lipstick that Dolores is wearing.

Let's face it, there is no way that you are going to get to play hospitals with Jane and Dolores tonight. If one of these lovely girls were not present you would probably be all set for a straightforward session of one-to-one heterosexual activity but you have an old-fashioned gooseberry situation on your hands. Settle for the 'It's late, I'd better run you both home' routine. You drop off Jane because she lives nearest, proposition Dolores and come straight back home together for fun, fun, fun. It will not get you any nearer your goal but it will stop those headaches you have been getting recently.

What I am saying in my circuitous manner is that you do not get two girls home into bed with you by inviting two girls home and asking them to go to bed with you. It does not work that way. Actually it does work that way but only when you are old in sin and know the score. Take the time when I met the girl from my bank at a club. She was with the other girl from my bank. They used to spend day after day sitting side by side, talking about the same things, doing the same things. When we all got back to my place after a sufficient quantity of cynically purchased booze it seemed perfectly natural for them to lie side by side in my bed, talking about the same things, doing the same things. To this day I still feel a certain *frisson* when I walk into Barclays.

The trick is to use the Judas bull dodge. I apologise for the unfortunate connotations of the allusion but it is the only one I have that fits the situation. It's where you have this fink bull that meets all the cattle as they arrive at the slaughterhouse. 'It's George. Good Old George. Where are we going today, George?' And George leads them in. Remember Dolores? Since that night when you dropped Jane off things have been going pretty well. You started off doing it this way, then you did it that way. Then she did that you to and you did this to her. Then you did this and that together. You might even have done it all on that first night but I doubt it, you are not really all that experienced. Anyway you have done it all and Dolores had shown herself to be a willing, enthusiastic girl and she now spends most of her evenings with you. Dolores, forgive me Dolores, will be your Judas bull.

'Dolores?'

'Mm?'

'Dolores, do you remember Elsie?'

'Elsie?'

'Jane, I meant Jane. Do you remember her?'

'Do I remember her? We work in the same bank together don't we? Sit side by side, talking about the same things, doing the same things. What about her?'

'She's got a nice figure. Nothing like yours of course. But nice. She called me up you know. After that night when you both came up to see me.'

'She did *what*?'

'Called me. You know, little chat to say thank you.'

'The cow!'

'Course I didn't take up the offer.'

'Just as well. I could tell you things about that girl.'

So she tells you about that girl and you listen disinterestedly while making mental notes of all the interesting items. Then you say:

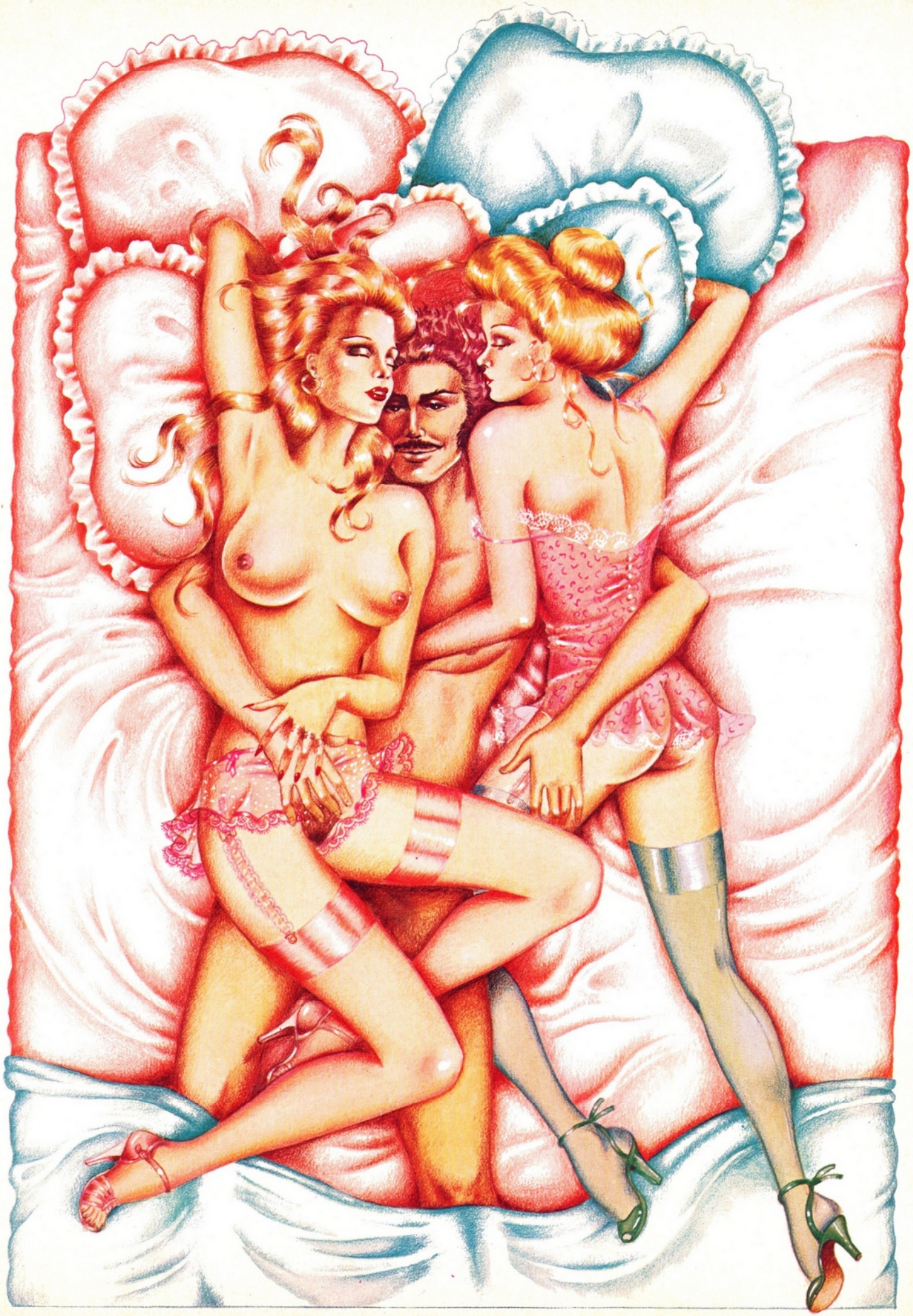
'You won't tell her that I told you she called will you?'

'Oh, all right.'

'Because you are still friends aren't you and I wouldn't want to come between you. *(Author's note: no, you wouldn't but how to avoid doing this you get in the advanced course)* Tell you what. Let's invite her around to spend an evening with us. A little supper, a few drinks. Be nice to her.'

Do you see what you have done? When you first met Dolores and Jane it was you, a man alone, facing the challenge of two united women. Now it is you and the lovely Dolores inviting poor little Jane around for a loser's party. Not only that but there is planted in Dolores' gentle heart an understandable feminine desire for revenge. How dare Jane throw her cap, even telephonically, in your direction? This feeling on

ILLUSTRATION BY KASIA CHARKO



Dolores' part is very important to you because when you finally achieve your objective and you are giving those good old vinegar strokes to Jane you won't be doing it for yourself you'll be doing it for Dolores. Don't ask me why, it just happens that way. You have also prepared Dolores by letting her know that you fancy Jane because you made that remark about the figure. Dolores will not be able to resist the idea of having Jane around one evening so that she can demonstrate her ownership of you and put Jane down.

Let us look at the situation from Jane's point of view. You were lying about the telephone call, of course. Jane's only knowledge of you, subsequent to your evening together when you kept calling them Maude and Elsie, is what Dolores has told her and Dolores, being Dolores, has told her plenty. Jane's impression of you is that you are some ram.

Party night is here. Dolores is wearing her sexiest dress because you said let's make it a special evening put on your sexiest dress. When Jane arrives she will be wearing her sexiest dress too because earlier she asked Dolores what she would be wearing and Dolores said something about wearing that old highnecked, long sleeved number and Jane is only a woman after all.

This is where you have to be a rat and use the one finger, two finger, three finger ploy. When you serve Jane a drink she gets three fingers of scotch or gin or vodka. Jane's a vodka girl by my reckoning. Dolores gets two fingers and you, because you are saving yourself, get only one. And keep them coming like there's no tomorrow.

The evening is a delight and as the lights go dimmer and the music softer you all sink deeper into a state of alcoholic euphoria the individual degree of which is determined by whether you are on one, two or three finger shots. Now you start your play. Dolores will leave the room at some time. If you have been doing your stuff she will have to leave the room. When she is out move straight over to Jane and give her as much manhandling as time will allow. The passionate kiss, the hand in, the hand up and back to your chair by the time Dolores returns. Also you whisper fervently that you have just got to have her or die that very night. You and Jane are now conspirators.

When Jane leaves the room you do the same to Dolores. You also say that you have got to have her or die that very night adding that you will get Jane home as soon as possible so that the rest of the night can be spent in unbridled passion.

Don't get it in the wrong order. Jane first, *then* Dolores.

So now that Dolores is nicely on the boil you turn to the slightly pickled Jane and say that you had better take her home. Both girls get the message only they each get a different one. As you leave you kiss Dolores goodbye (but it's really *au revoir*) and you whisper, 'I'll be back in ten minutes. Why don't you take off all your clothes and get into bed. Don't start without me.' Not only does this take Dolores' mind off Jane but it puts it onto the subject of sex and stops her saying that she will come too (she will, she will).

You get in the car and drive for a couple of hundred yards, chatting the while and in the middle of a sentence you switch off the ignition. Pray God you don't have a car with a steering wheel lock linked to the ignition switch, I should never forgive myself. Damn, the car's stopped. Park it. Give yourself five minutes with Jane who will assuredly welcome your attentions. Well, I suppose you had better spend the night with us. Let's walk back, it's not far.

'Dolores? It's me'.

'Hello Darling, why are you whispering?'

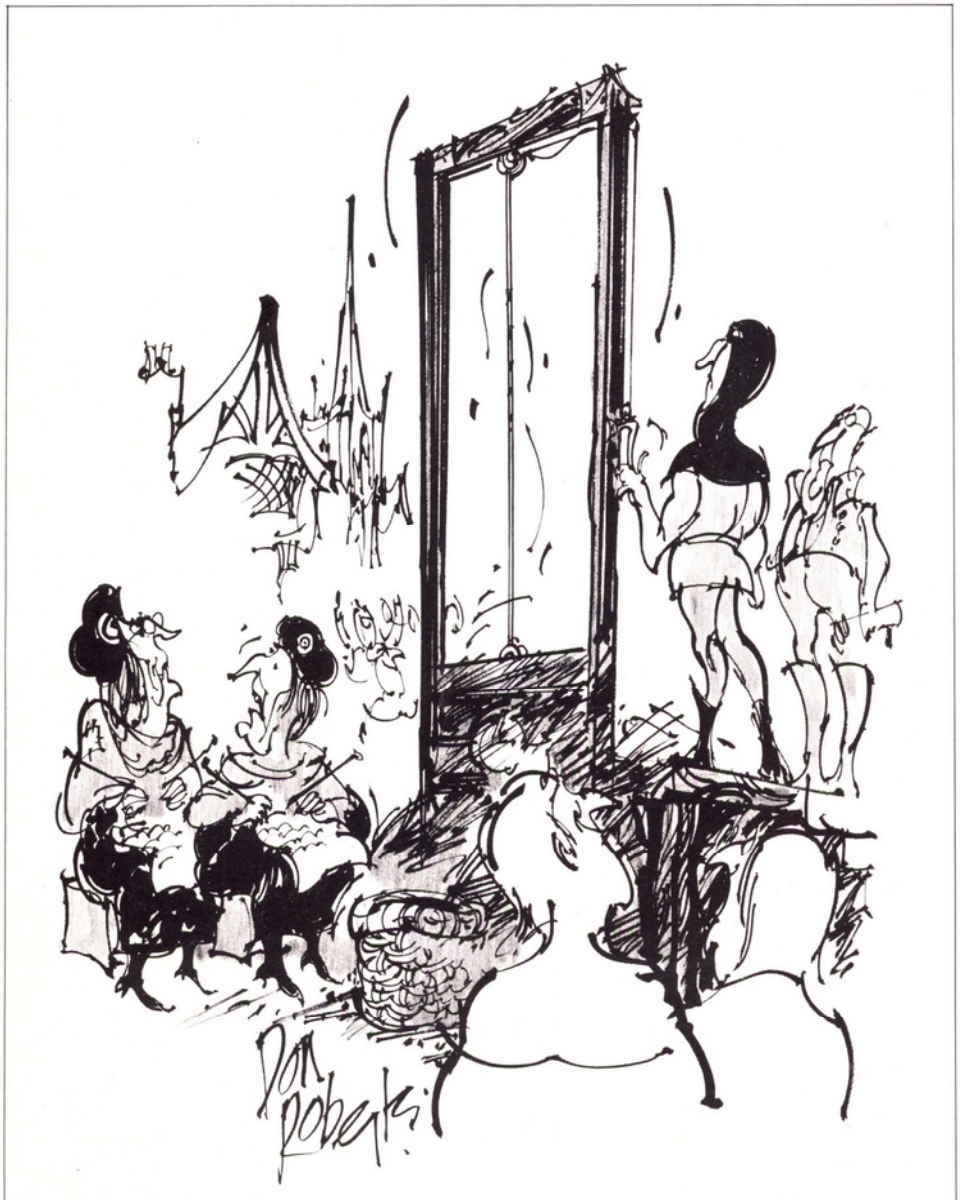
'Car broke down. I've brought Jane back. I'll sleep on the couch. She can share with you.'

Quick as a flash you push Jane into the darkened room closing the door behind her. Dolores can't object because you've disappeared. Jane can't object because it would be rude. Dolores won't put the light on because she's totally nude and she did start without you. Jane cannot see her way around so drops her clothing where she stands and feels her way to the bed. She is feeling sexy too.

Give yourself ten minutes, take a drink, have a shower, freshen up generally. Put on your karate jacket if you must but nothing else. Put out the lights and slowly open the bedroom door. *Don't say anything.*

Locate Jane's side of the bed. Not Dolores'. You are aiming for centre remember. Whisper to Jane that you can't sleep on the couch, would she make room for you? As the guest she will do as she is told and will move over to let you in between them. Take that karate jacket off, will you? If you'd gone to Dolores she would have moved across so that you would have been on the edge which would have been sexually limiting and uncomfortable.

Well, you are in the driver's seat now and I won't presume to offer further advice except to say that I was not joking about it being four times as good. There's you with Dolores, you with Jane, you with Jane and Dolores and Jane with Dolores while you rest. That's four isn't it? Sock it to them Henry.



'I'd never have guessed he wore a toupee.'

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MA 3

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

An actor was out of work and nearly starving because, although undoubtedly a fine actor, he suffered from a problem in that he couldn't remember a single line. In desperation he paid a call on his agent and begged him for a part. 'For you, my son, I have the ideal part,' said the agent. 'You will be dressed up in Elizabethan gear and all you have to do is walk on stage, raise this rose delicately in two fingers to your face and say "Ah, the sweet fragrance of my mistress". Surely you can remember that?'

For the next three weeks the actor spent every waking hour rehearsing the line. Finally, it was opening night and dressed in costume, the actor paced up and down nervously until his entrance. Then his great moment came and he walked to the front of the stage and said in his clearest voice 'Ah, the sweet fragrance of my mistress'.

His feelings of relief at getting his line right were short lived, however, because pandemonium broke out in the audience. The curtain came down amid the din and the stage manager came on behind the curtain and shouted at the actor, 'Do you want to get me arrested?'

'But I didn't forget my lines,' replied the bewildered actor.

'No!' said the manager, 'you forgot the rose.'

Angus was in court accused of being in charge of an illicit still. He was asked how he pleaded.

'Not guilty, my Lord,' he replied. 'The still belonged to my grandfather and it's fallen into disrepair. It doesn't work at all now. I've never used it in my life.'

British justice being what it is, the judge looked down sternly on Angus as he passed judgement. 'Nevertheless,' he told Angus, 'the still does legally belong to you. You have the equipment and it's all yours. I therefore find you guilty as charged . . .'

But before he could hand down sentence, Angus jumped to his feet and interrupted, 'I would like a case of rape to be taken into account as well!'

'What?' exclaimed the judge, 'you haven't raped anyone have you, Angus?'

'No my lord, but I have got the equipment and it's all my own.'

In his dreams, the husband called out 'Charlotte, Charlotte!'

'Who's Charlotte?' demanded his wife upon waking him.

'Oh,' said the husband glibly, 'it's a horse. I was dreaming I'd put a lot of money on it and I was cheering it on to win.'

The next evening on his return home from work, his wife met him at the door with a frosty face. 'What's wrong?' he asked.

'That horse,' explained his wife, 'it's written you a letter!'

Paddy was a fair bricklayer but he was inclined to the drink and often arrived on site inebriated. On one such occasion the foreman who was passing by stopped and stared in disbelief at the wall that Paddy was erecting.

'Paddy Mulligan,' said he, 'that is by far the worst bit of bricklaying that it has ever been my misfortune to observe . . . you're fired.'

Paddy was most indignant. ''Tis not a good wall oi will agree, but 'tis not the worst, oi tell you. There is even more terrible sorts to be seen.'

'Well,' said the foreman, 'if you can show me anything worse than that, you can have your job back.'

Immediately Paddy led him across the site to another wall that weaved and buckled in such a disgraceful fashion that it almost defied the law of gravity.

'Gawd!' exclaimed the foreman, 'who built that?'

'Oi did,' replied Paddy.

Doctor to woman after he had examined her. 'Well, Mrs Jones, I have some good news for you.'

'It's Miss Jones,' corrected the woman.

'In that case,' replied the doctor, 'this may come as a nasty shock . . .'

'My boyfriend's a rotten bastard,' a girl patient told the psychologist.

'Oh come now,' said the doctor, 'there's no need for that. Whatever has he done for you to call him so?'

'Well,' continued the girl patient, 'he started to cuddle and kiss me'.

'Like this?' he asked, believing actions speak louder than words.

'Yes, just like that,' she replied.

'But that's hardly just cause for you to call him names.'

'Ah, but then he began to fondle me and force me across the back of a chair,' the patient continued.

'Like this?' cried the consultant who was by now warming to his work.

'Yes, just like that,' came the reply.

'Still no reason to call him names.'

'Yes,' she went on, 'but then he tore off my panties and made love to me.'

'Like this?' panted the psychologist.

'Yes, oh yes,' the patient groaned.

'Still not much reason to call him names,' said the psychologist, when his passion was assuaged.

'But he had the pox,' she said.

'OH, THE ROTTEN BASTARD.'

A young bachelor out for a night of exotic pleasure knocked on the door of a well-known prostitute.

'Sorry, dearie, but I'm having my monthlies, but you're quite welcome to come in for a drink and a chat.'

'Leave over,' snapped the young man, 'who do you think I am, Dracula?'

There was a young fellow named Scott
Who took a girl out on his yacht –
But too lazy to rape her
He made darts of brown paper
Which he languidly tossed at her twat.

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SUE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

For some men the image of the nubile schoolgirl will always strike a responsive sexual chord. The crispness of a starched cotton blouse, the neat pleats of a dark skirt

and the plumply filled white stockings hide an undiscovered sexual paradise. Or does that girlish giggle disguise a wealth of unlikely expe[illegible]? But to appeal to men

of all tastes and predilections takes a gym slip siren of rare qualities. Such a girl is 17-year-old Sue Ann Carterton, currently in the sixth form of a Surrey convent grammar school and studying hard for her three 'A' Levels. Already a holder of nine 'O' Levels, Sue regards her schoolgirl image as strictly temporary and not at all important. 'One thing they are quite strict about is dress,' she tells us, 'which

doesn't bother me at all. When I'm at school I'm there to study, when I come home I can be just myself. Of course it would be nice to have more men around all day, but I don't know how much work I'd get done!' Being herself involves listening to the music of Rachmaninov and Beethoven and wearing softly feminine clothes, 'flattering without being blatant,' she insists. 'I have huge hips and a 40-inch bust and I don't like to make it too obvious.' She smiles at our suggestion of shyness. 'I don't mind people looking at me if it makes them feel nice, it certainly makes me feel nice! It's just that I'm terribly sensitive. If I went around without a bra I'd be sticking up all the time. I'd end up leaping on someone, I couldn't do that. At least not without a proper invitation.' Travel is another of Sue's abiding interests – giving our new Europartners the opportunity to appreciate her 40-24-36 inches. Her list currently includes France, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Holland, Luxembourg, Italy and Austria. Switzerland comes at the top for scenery, 'wonderful food' and the friendliness of the people. But Frenchmen impressed her most of all. 'They're the only men who really know how to make a girl feel sexy,' she says. 'Most people think Frenchmen are rude but that's just not true. They understand women without having to be polite. If they know what pleases us why should they have to say "please"?' Sue's a schoolgirl to teach us all something.

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QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Seven

The thought of being observed in the throes of sexual passion is deeply disturbing to many women. No one likes to be overlooked in their most intimate and exposed moments, even – for some women – by their sexual partner. But for others the knowledge, or even the possibility of an onlooker can enhance enormously the enjoyment of the sexual act. The three women interviewed in this month's Quest, by accident or experiment, experienced just this. Though the causes were quite different – ranging from a husband's gradual prompting to the zeal of a young woman's sexual awakening – the interviews give the clue to a streak of often outrageous female exhibitionism that many men are unaware of.

INTRODUCTION

Earlier Quest interviews this year have dealt with two aspects of feminine exhibitionism: 'same room sex' where girls were turned on by witnessing the love-making of another couple; and 'fashion flirts' girls who seemed deliberately to provoke sexual approaches by their dress. This month we look at girls who discovered – and satisfied – exhibitionist tendencies by themselves. These incidents came about when an accidental occurrence allowed the tendency to surface, when a girl's first awareness of the pleasure of sex urged her to experiment, and when the sexual inhibitions of an older woman had been gradually eroded by her husband over a relatively long period.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Temporary secretary, 20 years old, brunette, town of origin Bath**

This interviewee had left school at the age of 16 and worked in a number of office jobs before going temporary. She had left home shortly before this interview and was now sharing a flat with another girl.

Quest: Why did you want people to watch when you and Derek made love?

Temp: Oh I never said that. Heavens!

Quest: But you did admit being very open about your feelings?

Temp: It's nothing to be ashamed of. I wouldn't have talked to you if I thought that.

Quest: You wanted to show people your true feelings?

Temp: Of course. That's why you wear a ring, isn't it?

Quest: And show affection openly?

Temp: Well, yes. It shows you belong to each other. I wouldn't want to touch anyone else except Derek.

Quest: You mean touch each other's bodies in public?

Temp: Well, not *grope* each other. Not really. That's not sex, that's just being nice to each other. Showing how you feel.

Quest: Did Derek teach you a lot about sex?

Temp: Oh, *everything*. Honestly, you wouldn't believe it these days. I knew absolutely nothing.

Quest: But you weren't a virgin when you met him?

Temp: No.

Quest: You don't want to talk about your first time?

Temp: No, I don't mind. It's just so *nothing*. It happened, that was all.

Quest: Talk about it anyway.

Temp: It was a man I met in the library, actually. I'm going to sound such a tart. He picked me up.

Quest: By just talking to you?

Temp: Oh it wasn't just out of the blue. Like 'come back to my place, darling.' Actually, it was quite smooth, thinking

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back. I was picking out some criticism books for an essay – I was still at school but I wasn't wearing my uniform. Just an old pair of jeans, I think. And he must have come up behind me because we both reached for the same book. That's how we started talking. I offered to let him have the book because I only wanted it because I was desperate to put something new in my essay and I thought I could pinch a paragraph or two – I used to be terrible at English. But he said he was only interested in literature as a hobby – which was absolute balls of course, I realise now. He must have been making it up as he went along. I was terribly impressed because I had a thing about intellectual men then. All crinkly hair and heavy spectacles. Bamber Gascoigne types.

Quest: He was like that?

Temp: He wasn't wearing glasses, but he did have crinkly hair. I suppose he was thirtyish. Quite nice-looking. I had this thing about older men, too, because I hardly ever met any. Not socially anyway.

Quest: And he asked you out?

Temp: No. Not then. He insisted I kept the book and walked off. I was quite disappointed! But when I left I amost tripped over him outside. I suppose he must have been waiting. And we both started walking the same way. That's when I realised he was trying to pick me up.

Quest: What did he say?

Temp: He started talking about books. How he loved reading and none of the girls he knew seemed to enjoy it too. Then he thought we could have a drink.

Quest: And you went with him?

Temp: No! I am disappointing you, aren't I? I think I was a bit scared, to be honest. Going into a pub didn't bother me, but I knew I looked older than 16. I just didn't know what he expected all of a sudden, because he didn't know me from Eve. Then he offered to give me a lift home and I said I was meeting someone. It was all so silly, honestly. And then he said, 'If you finish with that book early, then give me a buzz and I'll rush down the library,' and he scribbled his number on a piece of paper and gave it to me.

Quest: And you rang him?

Temp: I told a girlfriend of mine at school and of course she was all agog. She thought I was mad to turn down someone like that who was obviously keen. And so mature as well. It took me nearly a fortnight to screw up my courage, and then I thought, 'Well, what can he do? I can always say no.' Famous last words! He was terribly surprised to hear from me. I don't think he knew who I was for about two minutes. He asked me out to this bistro place he knew. I had an awful job hiding it from my parents. I had to pretend I was going to a very posh friend's party. But it was a marvellous evening. Until we got to his flat.

Quest: Go on.

Temp: Well, we ended up on the settee. Just kissing, which was nice. I mean, I expected that, even if it was almost as soon as we'd got through the door. Then he started tugging at the back of my dress.

Quest: What sort of dress was it?

Temp: Oh, long, quite swish with a deep back and a high neck at the front. A sort of halter neck thing with a clip at the neck.

Quest: What did he do next?

Temp: He just undid it. No sort of preliminaries. I daren't move because there was only a bra support inside over me. And then he brought his hand and just slipped it inside.

Quest: Onto your breast?

Temp: I jumped away like a scared rabbit. Holding my dress up in front of me. I just didn't want him to do that so quickly.

Quest: Presumably you'd petted before?

Temp: I'd let a boy put his hand down my dress once, but I'd never actually shown anyone what I had. And one boy had touched me through my pants – I mean he hadn't brought me off or anything; I'd only let him to stop him bothering me.

Quest: You weren't excited?

Temp: I think I was too frightened. I suppose I was a bit curious. We'd kiss again and be just cuddly and then he'd move his hand further onto my breast and I'd say 'no' and freeze and we'd be cuddly again and we went on like that for ages and I suddenly realised he wasn't going to stop until I let him. Let him what, I wasn't exactly sure.

Quest: You didn't know what intercourse involved?

Temp: I knew the theory. It's a bit different actually doing it. I couldn't imagine how anything so big could fit inside me –

Quest: Go on.

Temp: I made him turn the light out and I wouldn't take my dress off. Then I just lay there while he pulled my knickers off. He must have thought I was so boring. Then he opened my legs and lay on top of me. And the next thing I felt was this sort of a giant finger pushing into me and he gave a jerk and that was it. Nothing. He took me home afterwards and I couldn't think of anything to say. I remember thinking, 'God, is that all. Why do people make such a fuss about it?'

Quest: But Derek changed all that?

Temp: Derek woke me up. It really was like that. I can't be near him without wanting to touch him, it's so odd and nice.

Quest: You told me you slept with him on your first date?

Temp: Yes, we did but it wasn't as sudden as that. I was going through a phase when I was going out with a lot of boys, none for very long. I suppose just because I wanted a nice time, socially I mean. They'd start things and I'd think, 'Oh God, not *that* boring stuff again,' and I suppose it showed. Derek was always there, somehow. He was about the only boy in this group we know I hadn't been out with. He always had someone else or I did. But we always got on tremendously well. I remember going to parties and being terribly bucked up if I knew Derek was there. I just felt nice being around him, and it never occurred to me that it had anything to do with sex. Until he asked me out.

Quest: What happened then?

Temp: We were supposed to have a meal and go to the pictures, I think. But we never got there. He wanted to show me something he'd seen in this book – it's always a book, isn't it! And we dropped off at his flat. He shared with another fellow who sold farm machinery, something like that; he was never there. And one thing sort of led to another.

Quest: What led to what?

Temp: I can't remember exactly. I know we were in Derek's bedroom and we started kissing, just naturally, and then I remember being on the bed with him and I knew what was going to happen and those horrible disappointed feelings began but I didn't want them to and I was so scared it was going to be nothingy again.

Quest: Why?

Temp: Because I felt so tingly and good just to be there. I thought it would be all right just to hold each other, so when he began to undress me –

Quest: Did you both undress?

Temp: Oh yes. I'd never done that before. I mean, let a man see me naked. It was terrifying, actually. Sort of dreamlike, but nice. As though everything held its breath. But I just trusted Derek somehow deep down. I don't know why. Perhaps because he wouldn't tell, I don't know. And he was so beautiful. I'd never see a naked man before. In the flesh, I mean. He was so smooth and golden. And he started cuddling me, so softly and gently. I couldn't understand what was happening to me, I thought I was swooning. My nipples were just aching and my sex – you know – I thought I was just washing away and I was burning, and I wanted to hold him so tight, clutch him to me, swallow him! It felt so right, so obvious. And suddenly he was pushing into me and he was so huge – I think I just gasped, but it was nice. I wanted him to be vast, enormous, so he could just fill me right up, absolutely stretch me. Then he came out again and I screamed because I couldn't lose him – and he said something, I don't remember, something nice – and slid in me again. I thought I'd die. I can't describe it. I was burning and shaking, it was more than heavenly . . . and he moved faster and faster and I couldn't believe what was happening. I think I screamed again. I remember clutching at him and clutching and then everything exploded. The next thing I remember was weeping and crying and wanting to curl up inside him like a baby and never let go of him again.

Quest: And after that you became obsessed with Derek's body?

Temp: He's beautiful, I told you. He has a beautiful thing. It's enormous when he's really excited. And he does such marvellous things with it.

Quest: Like making love to you in a public park?

Temp: It wasn't a park. Anyway, we've done it everywhere. We're awful. When I feel fruity I've just got to.

Quest: You grab Derek?

Temp: He says I'm a nymphomaniac. I suppose I am a bit. When I think of all the years we wasted! Anyway he likes me to grab him. He says girls are so inhibited usually.

Quest: What happened in the park?

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Temp: I told you, it's a forest. We were having a picnic one Sunday.
Quest: Where exactly?
Temp: Not far from here. I don't know exactly. We went quite a long way from the car park. We were looking for a clearing, somewhere quiet. I've gone off crowds lately. We got to this sort of valley. A big dip really with trees on either side, except the bit where we were. There was a stream at the bottom.
Quest: And you made love there?
Temp: It was a gorgeous day. There was no one around. It felt so natural. Derek was so funny. I've never seen him so embarrassed.
Quest: You both stripped naked?
Temp: I wanted him to chase me through the woods and have me on a mossy bank. A soft one, of course. I felt so wicked. I wanted to see it woggling up and down while he ran. Isn't that awful.
Quest: And he did that?
Temp: He kept looking around to see if anyone was watching. We just messed about in our little clearing. Derek thought someone might see, coming the way we had. Then I took his mind off that.
Quest: How did you do that?
Temp: We were rolling about on the grass and I rolled on top of him and sat on his legs so he couldn't move. Then I grabbed him.
Quest: What did you grab?
Temp: I took his thing in my hand and I began to pull it up and down and I told him I was going to screw him. He just watched me. He loves that.
Quest: What actually did you say?
Temp: I knew you'd ask that. I said, 'I'm going to fuck you, baby. I'm going to – '
Quest: Go on.
Temp: I said, 'I'm going to fuck till your balls drop off.'
Quest: Did you?
Temp: They didn't drop off! I sort of slid further up and rubbed the fat end of his thing against my spot. That is so gorgeous. I thought I'd just crumple and fall off him.
Quest: But you didn't?
Temp: He reached down and held my hips and my bum and sort of eased me up on top of it. I was half gone by then anyway. And we both reached down and guided it into me and I sank down, holding my breath. That always frightens me a bit that. He's so much bigger than I am. I can feel him right up against my womb that way. Then we began to move, slowly because that's so blissful. It makes me shivery thinking of it. And we were both breathing so slowly and gently, I didn't want Derek to come too quickly. And then they saw us.
Quest: Go on.
Temp: Someone started whistling and it didn't really register, then I saw these boys on the other side of the valley.
Quest: They could see you?
Temp: Oh plainly. We didn't think anyone could come that way. I don't know why. And Derek groaned, 'Oh Christ!' and started to move, and that was when I felt really wicked.
Quest: You didn't stop?
Temp: I put my hand on Derek's chest and I said, 'Don't be silly, they can't get over here.'
Quest: You wanted them to watch?
Temp: You're going to think I'm perverted. Derek thinks I'm sex-mad. I just didn't want to stop, I was nearly there. And they were shouting and whistling and I knew they wouldn't be able to see our faces and I felt so – it sounds so stupid – I felt so incredibly naked and utterly sexy. As if they were all fucking me at the same time – except they weren't of course – but it was just like a gang bang and I could be utterly depraved without having to worry. I was bucking up and down like a mad thing – I was just so excited, it was like being on fire and shouting and gasping and Derek felt it too – he could hardly keep me on him. And then he climaxed and I could feel it right in my womb and I came – God, so beautifully, I felt shattered – and Derek went on pumping and pumping. I've never known him make so much. And then we just tumbled on each other.
Quest: And your audience?
Temp: I don't know. They just went off.
Quest: Would you like to perform publicly again?
Temp: I don't know. It frightens me. I couldn't do it without Derek. Or I don't think I could. That's frightening too, isn't it? But it would be terribly wrong.
Quest: Thank you very much.

Two **Housewife, 29 years old, blonde, town of origin King's Lynn**

This interviewee, a lively and forthright woman, came from a farming background which she had left to marry her husband, though they still lived in a rural community. There were two young children.

Quest: Let me get this right. You made love to another man while your husband looked on?
Housewife: Yes I did.
Quest: And your husband didn't mind?
Housewife: He thought it was marvellous, great.
Quest: Were you in love with the stranger?
Housewife: He wasn't a stranger. He's a friend. We've known him a long time.
Quest: But there was nothing between you apart from sex?
Housewife: There was his John Thomas between us! No, Ted and I are just friends. He's a very nice bloke. I fancy him, I couldn't have done it if I hadn't wanted it off him. But that's all.
Quest: You love your husband?
Housewife: 'Course I love Jack. I married him, didn't I? Gave him two kids? And I stay with him.
Quest: You've never been unfaithful before?
Housewife: I wasn't unfaithful then! I've never done anything behind Jack's back. I love him.
Quest: So he asked you to have intercourse with Ted?
Housewife: Not as formal as that. It was all a laugh. It just happened. We've always talked about it.
Quest: Talked about what?
Housewife: You know, men watching their wives with other men. Upset me when he first said it, made me think I wasn't good enough. But it's not like that. I just didn't understand. I know Jack loves me and I know he enjoys making love with me. This is just a part of that. Everyone has a little kink, don't they?
Quest: Even you?
Housewife: Especially me! I'm very sensitive round my hair – you know – down there. It's embarrassing sometimes. Tight pair of jeans'll start me off. Anything touches me there and that's that – doesn't matter what it is, or who. There, that sounds terrible, doesn't it?
Quest: And Jack loves to watch?
Housewife: Most men do, don't they? They say they don't but you get them one of those girlie magazines they can't keep their eyes off it, no matter what they say. It's natural. Mind you, I didn't always think like that, When we first married I got quite upset if I found Jack with one of those books. But he was a crafty sod. He said if I pranced around like that it'd keep our love life all up to the minute and fresh. I gave him such a ticking off. But I couldn't quite get the thought out my head, and that was how it started. As a bit of a joke.
Quest: What exactly started?
Housewife: Showing myself, prancing around a bit. Doing a little strip-tease just to tease him.
Quest: Were you inhibited before?
Housewife: When I was first married I was terrible. I knew about sex but I'd never been completely naked in front of a man before. Seems so ridiculous when I think back. I couldn't strip off in front of anyone though. I've got to be sure they're going to like me. I'm still quite shy about my body, even though I've filled out a bit since the children. I was like a rake before.
Quest: Did you just tease your husband?
Housewife: I still do. But that's how I started. I'd do a sort of slow, sexy strip-tease and then sort of slide round the bedroom, brushing myself up against things. You're going to laugh. I feel so silly talking about that now.
Quest: But Jack liked it?
Housewife: Oh he loves it, my best audience. He'd get so excited he'd come at me like a tiger when I'd finished. It was lovely. Mind you, he tends to finish a bit quick when I really get him excited.
Quest: Does he ever ejaculate just watching?
Housewife: Well, yes. First time was during my period. That always makes me really fruity. Not being able to do it, I suppose. I really got into the mood, really shameless. Well, if you can't be like that with your own husband . . . !
Quest: This was in the bedroom?
Housewife: Long after the kids were in bed. Jack was sitting in the chair watching me and I went all round the room, right up close to him, nearly touching him. I could hear him pant. Then I stretched out on the eiderdown, sort of facing him, so he could see right down my body, properly appreciate me. And I began to jerk my hips up – you know – as if it was really happening. And it had such an effect. I was getting hot flushes all over and, I don't know how, my

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hand just sort of brushed my – you know – mound. God, I nearly fainted. I couldn't imagine bringing myself off like that – in front of my husband! I remember saying, 'Jack, you got to be with me. I can't.' Then he was standing there, right at the end of the bed, facing me and he said, 'Go on, love. Don't stop. Please – ' It felt so wrong. If you get undressed with a man it's because you want him. But I touched myself again anyway, just sort of lazily, not meaning it. And it was so sweet, because it is like that sometimes. I know he doesn't mean to, but Jack does finish sometimes before I'm ready. And I was away, really rubbing myself, and I could feel it all starting to happen. I remember opening my eyes and Jack had his dressing gown open and his John Thomas was sticking out and his hand was around it. And I thought, 'God in heaven, this is the most obscene thing that's ever happened to me.' But I wasn't upset, I was fantastically excited. Then I caught my breath and I was coming and I stared in front of me and Jack came and I couldn't believe what was happening and I was wet and warm all up and down me and I want to hold him and hug him because it had been so beautiful.

Quest: This still happens?

Housewife: Quite often. I think it was very important to me when it first happened. I thought I'd be ashamed afterwards, but I wasn't. It was like admitting something awful. You feel so much better being able to talk about it, being free about it. I feel quite proud, actually, I can make a man spurt like that without him even touching me. We do it now after a break sometimes – perhaps when Jack's been away – just to work off his eagerness and get me really hot and excited.

Quest: And Ted grew out of this?

Housewife: I suppose. We drink a bit with Ted, you see, and we always have a laugh. It does get quite free at times. I know Ted has problems. His wife is a strange woman. She never comes out with him. He told me once they'd only made love twice since they were married. That's so tragic. I do feel sorry for him.

Quest: Sorry enough to have sex with him?

Housewife: Not just for that. I told you I liked him. Anyway I told you it just happened.

Quest: How?

Housewife: One night after the pub. A Saturday. I'm sure it was. After the kids are asleep we like to slip out together for a while. And we met Ted. I know we were all in a good mood – we stayed longer than we meant to – I remember we were having a very randy conversation.

Quest: About what?

Housewife: Blue films, Danish films I think. Ted had been to some stag evening in the week. Apparently in all these films they'd finished with the fellow climaxing all over the girl. He said he couldn't see the point in that, so of course Jack took up that point. And Ted kept trying to cuddle me and said, 'You wouldn't see any good in that, would you love? What benefit would you get?' And I was tiddly, so I said, 'The benefit of knowing I could turn a man on that much – ' And he gave me such a queer look.

Quest: Did he make a pass at you?

Housewife: Then, no. Or later, really. We were just kidding about. I suppose I had my arm round both of them when we walked back to the house. But it was dark and there aren't any lights in the lane and we were all pie-eyed.

Quest: What happened at the house?

Housewife: We all flopped down in the lounge and we had some more to drink. I couldn't be bothered to get it. Jack did. I was beginning to feel tired. And Ted started talking about his films again. He couldn't see the point of watching people do it. It turned him on all right but he was a doer not a watcher. Then I saw the gleam in Jack's eye. I knew he wouldn't let that pass. He started saying it was as good as doing it, better sometimes. And Ted looked at me and said, 'You're a randy pair. You agree, don't you?' And Jack said, 'She does a fantastic little dance for me, don't you love? Why don't you show Ted?' I gave him such a look.

Quest: The idea didn't appeal?

Housewife: I was just shocked. I'd looked on it as a private thing, between Jack and me. Then I saw the look on Jack's face and I knew he wasn't joking and Ted looked so open-mouthed.

Quest: The thought excited you?

Housewife: I think it did for a second then. Then I thought, 'God, Ted hasn't even seen me in a bikini, let alone starkers.' And that was such a mind-boggling idea. Just to think it, my pulse was racing. And Jack said, 'Don't be shy of Ted. He's told me he thinks you've got a fabulous body.' And Ted just stared at me and said, 'I think you're fabulous.' I felt great, I was quite puffed up. And I suppose that with the drink made me do it. It was still a joke, really. Jack made this silly sort of fanfare noise and pretended to be doing that 'stripper' song. Do you know the one? All slow and sleazy. I just sort of waltzed around at the end of the lounge. I honestly wasn't in the most agile mood.

Quest: What were you wearing?

Housewife: Oh just a jumper and skirt, I think. I remember fighting my way out of the jumper because it had such a tight neck and Ted making some joke about it, I couldn't go on. Then Jack ran out of puff and it all went quiet and I suddenly felt silly standing there in my bra and my skirt half unzipped, but I think Jack realised and started saying, 'More! More!' and Ted started as well and then it was all jokey again. That was when I started to get going, get excited, I mean. I wasn't tired anymore I stepped out of my slip and I felt marvellous, just in my knickers and bra. You can see most of me like that. My breasts flop a bit after the kids but they were always quite big for my size; even with my bra on you get a good idea of them. And there was real admiration in Ted's eyes. I knew that look. Jack looked like that too. Sort of gleaming and dangerous, sexy. As if anything could happen and would. And when I thought that I felt right mischievous and I skipped over to

Ted and squatted down with my back to him and said, 'Unhook me, love.' I'd loved to have seen his face. I tried to turn my head and Jack was just goggle-eyed. I'd never seen him look so excited. His trousers were practically breaking. And Ted's fingers were so icy. I think he was trembling. He undid the clip and I clapped my hands to the front and whirled away. Then I stood in the corner, staring at their faces, while I squeezed the bra down over my breasts – you know like they do in proper strip-tease – and then whipped it away.

Quest: Was Ted excited by this?

Housewife: He had his legs crossed so tight he was nearly cross-eyed. He was red in the face. Then Jack said, 'Hasn't she got a fabulous pair of tits?' And Ted just whistled and said, 'Jesus Christ!' That was so nice. I felt so good. I was strutting about, flashing my tits and Jack called. 'More! More!' again. And Ted started stamping his feet. So I told them, no, not unless the lights were dimmed and stuck my bum out and Jack rushed about turning off the lights till only a reading lamp in the corner was on. Then I said, 'Drum roll please!' And Ted went and made the noise and he was right on the edge of his seat and the front of his trousers was so obvious. I felt devilish. I felt so wicked. And I wiggled my hips and pouted at him and wet my lips – I was so bloody sexy – and just sort of peeled my knickers down and half turned so he couldn't see me all at once, then I kicked them off and turned right round to give him a good look. Honestly, by the look on his face, I thought he'd wet his trousers. And Jack just cooed.

Quest: You weren't embarrassed?

Housewife: I just glowed. I don't know if it was the drink or feeling sexy or both. Then I came over terribly tired – really exhausted – and I went to sit on the sofa, but I missed and flopped onto the pouf in front of it instead, I just lay back and shut my eyes. I really felt skew-whiff then. The drink caught up with me for a minute and Jack and Ted were laughing. Then I felt Jack right beside me and he kissed me on the mouth and then quickly on my nipple and said 'Oh God don't, love. You won't be able to control me.' And he laughed and said, 'Aren't you going to finish for us, love?' Then I did crack my eyes open. I just didn't believe him at first. I said, 'You want me to do that?' And he grinned and said, 'Don't mind Ted. It's just a bit of fun, isn't it Ted?' And I thought, 'You bastard.' Then he said, 'I'll start you off, love' and he kissed my nipple again and tugged on it with his teeth. The feeling just burst over me. I was too pooped to move. Then he reached down and let his hand brush up the inside of my leg and my thighs just heaved up. It was like getting a shock. My heart was bumping straight off. I said, 'You're a sex-mad sod,' but he said, 'You're so beautiful when you're doing it. You look so fantastic,' and he eased me off the pouf onto the floor and I was just helpless. I felt he could do anything, and I couldn't stop him. And he was biting my nipples again so much I could have screamed and I reached out to pull him down to me but he took my hand and pulled it down my body and pressed my fingers onto my crack. And it ached so much. It was so gorgeous. I felt little shivers going through me. I don't know when he stopped pressing my hand. It was the beginning of that unstoppable bit. When the roof can fall in and you know you won't stop. I just ached and ached and I had to press it and rub it better. I was burning, scalding and then it was happening, all bursting inside me and I just flopped and fell back all woozy. I don't know how long. I just remember opening my eyes and not knowing whether I was dreaming or drunk or awake or what. And Ted was leaning over me with a face like a beetroot and I realised he was asking me if I was all right, and I just snapped out, 'For God's sake fuck me, Ted. My husband won't do it. He just wants to watch. Please fuck me.' And I must have clutched at him or he slipped but he was lying on top of me. And I began to tear at his trousers and I realised I did want him. I just wanted a man in me so badly. And he was trying to turn to see Jack, I suppose, but Jack didn't say anything. Then I felt Ted's bare flesh, and the hairs on his thighs were rubbing my legs, and I found his John Thomas just by grabbing and pulled him to me so hard he cried out and sprawled on me. But he came straight in and I thought I'd be wet and large after my climax but I must have dried because he felt huge. I thought my insides would be broken. But then I was wet and he moved in me so sweetly, so fatly I thought I was dying. Long easy strokes, sweet and regular. I knew I couldn't stop my climax, and I suddenly felt myself drowning in a bliss of sex. I felt just like a sex thing, a lump of flesh men could plunge into and explode. And it was all so vile and so utterly exciting all at the same time. I wanted to make it worse, the worst of all and I gasped, 'Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!' And I could hear him panting and my orgasm coming and coming and bursting and he was gushing inside me and then I did faint dead away.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Theatre nurse, 26 years old, redhead, town of origin Huddersfield**

This interviewee had married at the age of 19 and was divorced five years later. There were no children. She now lives alone.

Quest: When did you first realise you had this exhibitionist streak?

Nurse: Right from the start.

Quest: Start?

Nurse: When I first grew my bumps. As my big brother used to say. Randy little sod. I was a proper gym slip tease. Showing my knickers to all the dirty old men at netball games.

Quest: You enjoyed that?

Nurse: Oh yes. More in a childish way, really. I didn't know enough about sex. I must have been a right little devil. I got sent off for it. I couldn't see why they made such a fuss.

Quest: Was it part of your sex life with your husband?

Nurse: Poor Larry. He said I wouldn't be happy until I could pull it out of his flies and wave it around in the middle of Bradford Exchange. He said I never left him alone. I suppose he was right too. It was because I was so happy I was sure something terrible was going to happen. I wanted to hang onto him all the time. Of course something did happen.

Quest: Did sexual differences cause the break-up?

Nurse: Sexual differences brought us together! No, Larry was all right. A bit sort of lights out under the blankets on a Saturday night. At least after a year or two. No, it's unfair to criticise. I'm not sex-mad. I don't have to be screwed twenty different ways the same night to enjoy myself.

Quest: But things were different with the lover you had after your divorce?

Nurse: You mean Cyril. Isn't that an awful name, I never could take it seriously. I did make a fool of myself with him. It was so odd. Things had been so bad with Larry for so long I was just happy when it was all over. But losing Cyril upset me terribly.

Quest: How was your sex life with him?

Nurse: Lovely, at first. I went to bed with him on our second date. I've only done that once since. Do you know the first thing he said to me? He said, 'You've got the most beautiful arse. I'd love to see you waggle it for me.' I should have slapped his face.

Quest: But you didn't?

Nurse: I would have done. With anyone else. It was at a hospital party, an awful one; it might have livened it up a bit. But he was so cheeky. I liked that. I hadn't had anyone to make me laugh for awhile.

Quest: Did you waggle your bottom?

Nurse: Of course, but I didn't talk to him properly till later. I met him again at work, He was so rude. He said he wanted to spend an evening with my arse.

Quest: And you did?

Nurse: I told him I would if he wasn't so rude. Actually I didn't mind what he said as long he wasn't obscene. You could tell he was only interested in one thing.

Quest: You didn't mind that?

Nurse: Chance would be a fine thing. You don't meet someone who fancies you like mad every day, do you?

Quest: But you didn't make love on your first date?

Nurse: Well, it was the wrong time of the month. I told him that. He said he didn't mind. I'm sure he didn't believe me. We just had a bit of a cuddle in his car. I didn't want to invite him up because I knew what would happen.

Quest: What do you mean by cuddle?

Nurse: I let him take my bra off. He was beautiful with his lips. I thought my nipples would burst. I remember being sore for days afterwards.

Quest: He sucked your nipples?

Nurse: He used to give me little love bites, little nips. I don't know how he knew I'd like that. I was nearly screaming.

Quest: Did you take your dress off?

Nurse: I was wearing a blouse. I let him take that off.

Quest: So you were sitting in his car, naked from the waist up?

Nurse: I am an exhibitionist, aren't I? It

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was a very quiet street, late at night. But I suppose anyone could have seen if they'd looked in.

Quest: That excited you?

Nurse: Cyril wanted me to drive round the town like that. Watch everybody's eyes pop at traffic lights. He's worse than I am.

Quest: But you didn't do that?

Nurse: I didn't want to be arrested.

Quest: You made love on your next date?

Nurse: I was better then.

Quest: Was this in your flat?

Nurse: It started out that way. I'm self-contained at the top of the house, but the landlady lives underneath, which is always a bit of a problem. So we stopped off on the way at this piece of moorland. It's miles from anywhere. Lots of soft ferns.

Quest: You made love there?

Nurse: Cyril couldn't keep his hands off me. I had this woollen sweater on because that always makes things easier. He kept trying to put his hand up it when we were driving along. Cheeky devil. We started kissing as soon as we were off the road. He'd unclipped my bra and had his hands on my boobs and was sort of massaging them. I knew I'd go mad if we didn't do it properly. Then he moved his hand down into my lap. I just opened my legs. And he started running his finger up and down the front of my pants. I was gulping. They were just sticking to me. He sort of prised under them down one side and I twisted to help him and I felt his fingers in my fur and he brushed the edge of my lips. God, when you know it's coming and you can't do anything about it, it drives you mad. I dragged him out the car. He looked so surprised. I think he thought I was changing my mind.

Quest: You hadn't?

Nurse: You're joking. I grabbed the front of his trousers just to show I wasn't. He was so huge. I don't know why men don't hurt themselves, being trapped inside like that. Then we tumbled onto the ground – dry, thank goodness – and he was yanking my sweater over my head and attempting to stroke my breasts at the same time as I was trying to unzip his trousers. We were practically under the car. And then Cyril stopped dead. I thought for one awful moment he'd come.

Quest: What had happened?

Nurse: It was another car. I suddenly realised how close it was, then the lights swept under Cyril's car.

Quest: Were you undressed by then?

Nurse: I had my sweater round my neck and my pants round my knees. I don't think I had anything else on. I was on all fours for some reason. I don't know what state Cyril was in. Then we heard the radio.

Quest: Radio?

Nurse: You know the receiver thing they have. Z-cars. It was the police. I heard Cyril give this big sigh. Then we heard the car door open and footsteps. My heart was going like a bass drum. I was frozen. Then a light flashed round over us. Coming through the car windows from the other side. And I heard a fellow speak so close. I fell flat on my face. He shouted something, and another one answered from the car I suppose. Then the near one said, 'Gone for a crap, I s'pose – or a screw. I'll have the number.' I thought, God you're so right. And then the light went off and the footsteps started to go away again and I took my first breath in minutes. That second I remembered how I was really screaming for it before this happened and my bum was stuck right up in the air and I waggled it and I felt it.

Quest: Felt what?

Nurse: Felt Cyril's thing. I thought it was a lump of wood, I honestly did. You see he was bending half over me, trying to keep down, and his prick was right behind me. I just moved my bum an inch or so and he was nudging my pussy flap. I thought, 'God, I've got to have it. I'll go mad,' and I pushed myself back and felt it easing past my lips. That is so gorgeous, so exciting. When you first feel it coming in. And Cyril whispered, 'For heaven's sake, love. They're still there!' But I kept on pushing and I knew he wouldn't pull back, not when he was that big; he wanted it as much as I did. Then I'd swallowed him completely; I could feel his hairs on my cheeks; and we were both panting, but he whispered again: 'Don't for bloody sake move, love.' I felt so naughty all of a sudden. The thought of being like that. Starkers. I mean, actually on the job with people so close.

Quest: The thought that they might see excited you?

Nurse: I was nearly there just thinking about it. I pulled my bum down and he slipped back, then I jerked myself up again. Poor old Cyril was swearing under his breath, but he couldn't do anything. Then he began to stroke me, trying to make them short and easy but I kept arching my bum to take him deeper; and I can't describe – it was really marvellous sex, I was just aching and aching with pleasure; I was coming even before he got into his stride. We were gasping and moaning. The coppers must have heard because someone called out, 'They're having a good time, whoever they are!' And there was laughter, and the flashlight swept over the car again and all I saw was stars. I was shattered. I just flopped on the grass and I could still feel Cyril jerking quieter and quieter inside me. Luckily the police car then drove off.

Quest: It was an exceptional climax?

Nurse: Too good, really. I don't think we ever quite managed that again.

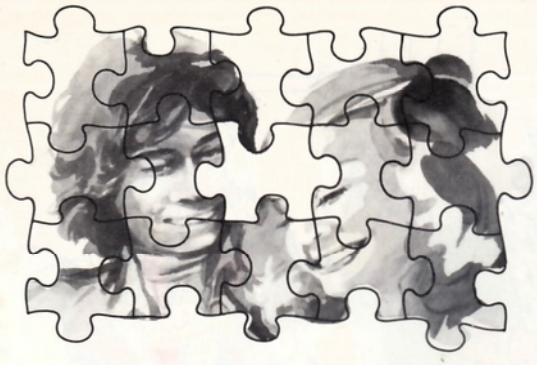
Quest: Did you ever try and reproduce those conditions?

Nurse: We did towards the end. You see it was all just sex. I realise that now. But it was all I needed then. I thought if we were more daring it might revive things. Pathetic, really. We got thrown out of a party – not a hospital one, thank God – when I got drunk and stripped off in the garden and insisted Cyril have me then and there. It was at dusk. But it was bad enough.

Quest: You don't feel the need to be that daring in your present relationships?

Nurse: I'd like to be, I think. But you need someone you can trust, love you really. Perhaps I ought to go and join one of those Scandinavian porno shows.

Quest: Thank you very much.



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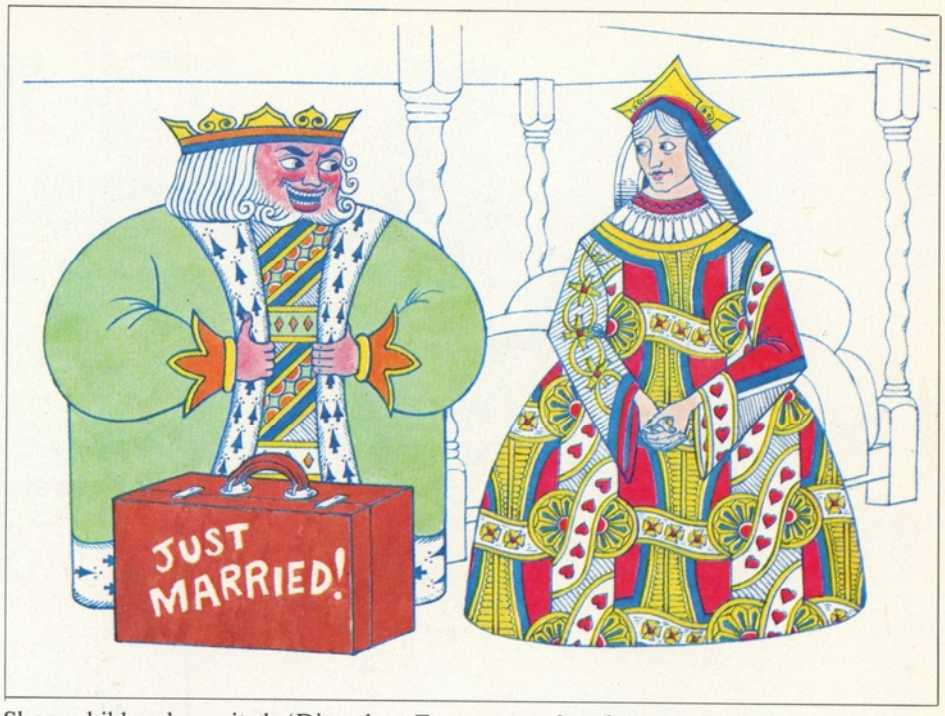
She Thought of Laslo's Hips

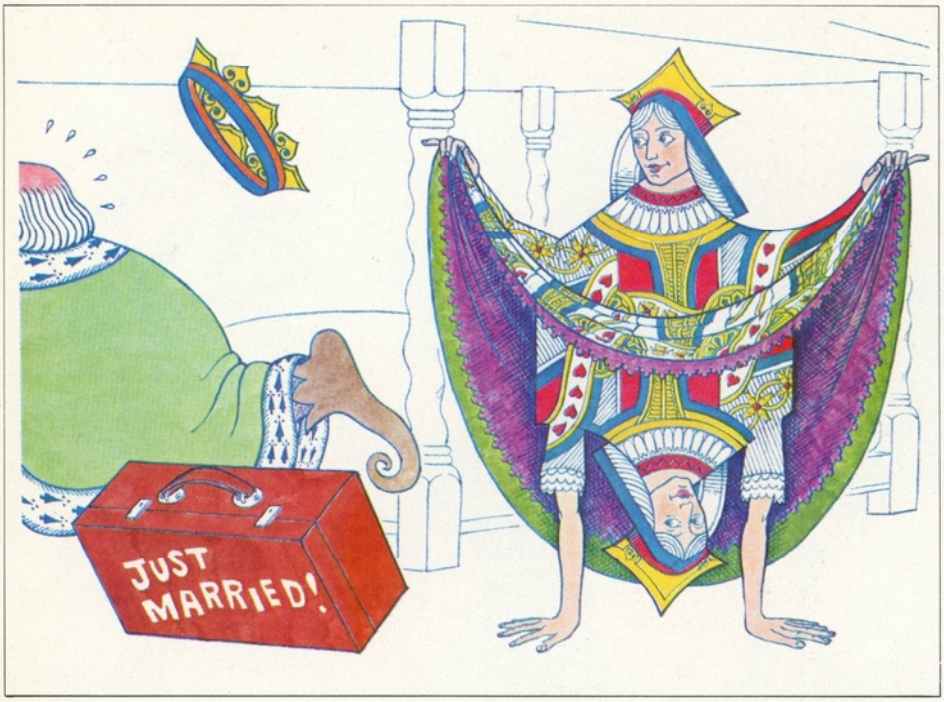
continued from page 95

Phipps were discussing international affairs.
'You take China,' said the duct man. 'You take Mousey Tung.'
Sigfried Satterfield continued being On.
'I hate him,' said Theda Glenn Banks to Mueller and Hotchkiss.
'I like some of his poetry,' said Mueller.
'He can't be Much,' said Hotchkiss. 'He's never heard of Blind Lemon Jefferson.'
Dr Shops had a crowd gathered around his son and the boy went into his act.
'Adams, Barlow W; Arthur, Simon T; Bonlowitz, William T; Kirkland, Saul W.'
Mrs Shops was at the buffet when she saw Theda Glenn Banks and said:
'There doesn't seem to be any garlic bread. Garlic bread is the Doctor's favourite food.'
'Try the glycerin pickle,' said Theda Glenn.
'Do you work or watch the stories?' asked Mrs Shops.
'I teach.'
'Oh,' said Mrs Shops, picking up a piece of candy. 'This candy is got ants in it.'
'I think that's toasted coconut,' said Theda Glenn Banks.
Mrs Shops left the buffet and began to talk to Andrew Hotchkiss.
'I'm so excited about your thesis on Richard Burton. Did you ever meet him in person?'
The young actors and the girls from Sigma Nude were making themselves unwelcome, laying on the floor and repeating After the



Shops child as he recited: 'Dismukes, Foy T; Durkemeyer, Homer J.'
Floyd Phipps was talking to the duct man.
'MADAME BOVARY is flawed,' he said.
Sigfried Satterfield had started a Game in one corner of the room, among five or six young instructors.
'Name the five worst well-established novelists.'
'D H Lawrence,' said one. That game died out before five names could be presented.
'Name five writers we should all Hate.'
They were Stumped for a while.
'How about Rod McKuen?' asked one of the graduate students.
'Now wait a minute,' said a Full professor. 'It's awfully hard to hate a man who can write a line like "Pastures Green, Pavements Grey".'
They tried again but then Gave it up.

LOW TO
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A



Another brilliant line came to Sigfried Satterfield, right while he was sitting there, playing games.

'The drifting bank, The snow was Green. The drifting bank,' he said, and ran outside to his car to write it down before he forgot.

'Starlighter, Conrad Y; Tucker, Tinman Y; Tolliver, Fred E,' continued the Shops boy, as the actors continued to repeat after him.

One of the actors, having taken too much Bunny Rabbit wine, was sick on the carpet and his friends hustled him Out, getting in a car and driving away across the lawn, running over a tree.

A hippie, the one with his coat full of light bulbs, was left behind. He had passed out in a doorway between the kitchen and the dining room.

No one Knew him, or knew Where he lived: He looked Dead. Someone was talking about Charlie Chaplin. 'I don't like him,' said a young graduate student.

'Where have you ever Seen him?' asked Theda Glenn.

'On the wall of the Pizza Hut,' said the graduate student.

When his son finished the membership rolls, Dr Shops suggested to his wife that it was time to leave, and the party broke up.

Theda Glenn went home alone, through the snow, to her apartment.

It was cold inside even though the heat was On.

'For three hundred dollars a month, it looks like I could get a heating system that works,' she muttered to herself.

She undressed and put on a flannel night-gown then fixed a hot eggnog and got in bed.

From underneath her pillow, she took out five of those little Blue backed lined book-lets that college students write their Themes in.

It was the Missing work of Laslo Grohler.

Theda Glenn took her Ermalene tablet and a sip of the eggnog and put the booklets in order to read them.

The first.

A theme on the subject 'The Chief Problem Facing the Nation Today.'

She thrilled as she turned the very pages that Laslo had touched, that had Known his pen, and read his beautiful words.

'The chief problem facing this country today is campus parking and Why this town won't support Pro ball.'

MIDDLE TAR
GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

As defined in H.M. Government Tables published in May 1975.

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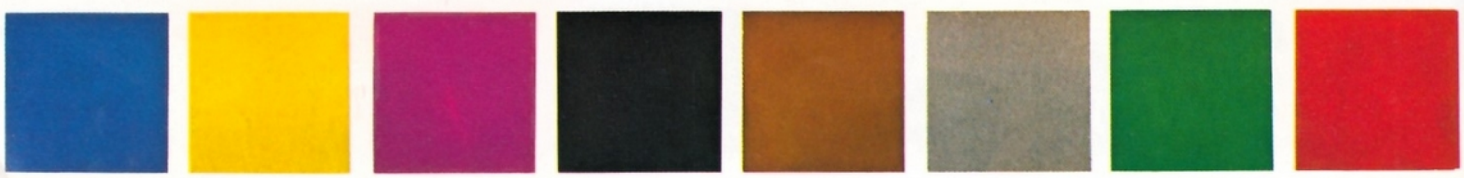

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The questionnaire you are about to fill in is the result of eight years' experience of people and their personal relationships. It consists of two parts:– the first is concerned with background details about yourself and the people you want to meet; the second asks about your interests and includes a carefully researched psychological test. Together, these enable us to build up a detailed picture of you and to select the people you will enjoy meeting most.

As you fill in your questionnaire, please read the instructions to each section carefully and write clearly in the spaces provided.

Background

These questions tell us your basic characteristics and allow you to decide about the kind of person you will meet. First answer the questions in this box, giving your own sex, weight and age, and tell us the age range of the people you want to meet.

Your sex (M or F) ⌊__⌋ **Your approximate weight** ⌊____⌋ **Your age** ⌊__⌋

I am prepared to meet people between ⌊__⌋ (MIN AGE) **and** ⌊__⌋ (MAX AGE)

Colour test

Psychologists have found that your choice of colours gives valuable insight into your personality. The computer uses this information together with the rest of your profile to assess your complete personality, and consequently matches you with compatible partners.

Instructions: You must number the colours in your order of preference. Write a 1 (one) in the box opposite the colour you like best, a 2 (two) opposite the colour you like second best, and so on.

Blue	Yellow	Purple	Black	Brown	Grey	Green	Red
☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐

Instructions for completing the following sections:

In the first column headed "YOURSELF" please write a 1 (one) against the characteristic which applies to you.
In the second column headed "YOUR CHOICE" write a 1 (one) against those characteristics you definitely want in your date, and put a 0 (nought) against any characteristics that you find completely unacceptable.
If you have no strong preference, leave a blank.

EXAMPLE:

Height			
Less than 5′ 0″	1		0
5′ 0″ – 5′ 4″	2		
5′ 4″ – 5′ 6″	3		1
5′ 6″ – 5′ 9″	4		1
5′ 9″ – 6′ 0″	5	1	0
6′ 0″ or over	6		0

This means that you are between 5′ 9″ and 6′ 0″ tall, and that you would prefer to meet others between 5′ 4″ and 5′ 9″ tall. You do not object to meeting people between 5′ 0″ and 5′ 4″ but you definitely do not want to meet people under 5′ 0″ or over 5′ 9″ in height.

Yourself ▶ | Your choice ▶

Height

Less than 5′ 0″	1		
5′ 0″ – 5′ 4″	2		
5′ 4″ – 5′ 6″	3		
5′ 6″ – 5′ 9″	4		
5′ 9″ – 6′ 0″	5		
6′ 0″ or over	6		

Hair

Short	7		
Medium – to shoulder	8		
Longer than shoulder length	9		

Skin and hair colouring typical of:–

Central or Northern European	10		
Southern European or Latin	11		
Chinese, Japanese or Oriental	12		
Indian, Pakistani or Asian	13		
African or American Negro	14		

Build

Heavy build	15		
Medium build	16		
Light build	17		

Physical attractiveness

Unattractive	18		
Quite attractive	19		
Attractive	20		
Very attractive	21		

Marital status

Single	22		
Widow/Widower	23		
Separated	24		
Divorced	25		

Please write your occupation here

Yourself ▶ | Your choice ▶

Religion

Church of England or Protestant	26		
No religious convictions	27		
Roman Catholic	28		
Jewish	29		
Atheist or Humanist	30		
Other major religious group	31		

Politics

Left wing	32		
Centre	33		
Right wing	34		
Not interested in Politics	35		

Educational background

Public school	36		
Grammar school	37		
Comprehensive school	38		
Secondary Modern school	39		
Other	40		

Educational standards

No general certificate of education	41		
GCE 'O' level, GSC or Matriculation	42		
GCE 'A' level	43		
Higher School Certificate or HNC	44		
University Degree	45		

Smoking

Regularly	46	
Occasionally	47	
Never	48	

Drinking

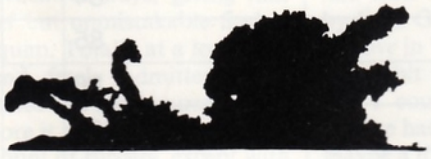
Regularly	49		
Occasionally	50		
Never	51		

Additional information on your education

Personality

Visual test

Please remember that there are no right or wrong answers to this section. What you see in different shapes is an expression of your personality. If any of the following descriptions fits what you see in the shape, tick the appropriate box.



- [x] Island at sunset
- [ ] Bird in nest
- [ ] Monsters
- [ ] Surface of the moon
- [ ] Explosion

- [ ] Two candles
- [ ] Crab
- [x] Two poodles
- [ ] Girl's head
- [ ] Two rodents

- [ ] Reflections
- [ ] Scarecrows
- [ ] Dancers
- [ ] Pedestrians
- [ ] Tunnel

Interests

Please indicate those interests you like by writing a 1 (one) in the appropriate box.
Write a 0 (nought) against any interest that you dislike, and leave a blank if you do not feel strongly one way or the other.

Please answer in this column ▶		
History/archeology/architecture	52	
Painting/sculpture/pottery	53	
Pop music	54	
Folk music	55	
Jazz	56	
Classical music	57	
Literature	58	
Cinema or theatre going	59	
Philosophy/psychology/sociology	60	
Science or technology	61	
Current events	62	
Fashion	63	
Politics	64	
Good food	65	
Travelling	66	
Sport	67	

Any special interests you have which are not listed above please write below.

Activities

Please indicate which of the following activities you enjoy with a 1 (one) in the appropriate box.
If you dislike a particular activity write a 0 (nought) in the box, and if you have no particular preference, please leave the column blank.

Please answer in this column ▶		
Painting/sculpture/pottery	68	
Singing or playing a musical instrument	69	
Chess	70	
Card games	71	
Taking part in sporting events	72	
Do-it-yourself	73	
Watching sporting events	74	
Motoring	75	
Camping/hiking/climbing	76	
Political activity	77	
Riding/cycling/keep-fit	78	
Gardening	79	
Dancing, discos, parties	80	
Cooking	81	
Swimming/sailing/other water sports	82	
Tennis/squash/golf/other ball games	83	

Any special activities you have which are not listed above please write below.

Attitudes

This section is about your beliefs and views.
Write a 1 (one) against those statements with which you agree strongly.
Write a 0 (nought) against those with which you disagree strongly.
Leave blank if you have no strong views one way or the other.

		Please answer in this column ▶
Social values are wrong when factory workers can earn more than doctors.	84	
State censorship of films should be retained.	85	
Partners must hold the same religious beliefs to be truly compatible.	86	
The importance of sex is greatly over-emphasised today.	87	
There is nothing morally wrong about shoplifting from a giant supermarket.	88	
Men and women should find out whether they are sexually suited before marriage.	89	
If war broke out I would immediately volunteer my services.	90	
I enjoy the company of the opposite sex more than that of my own sex.	91	
Men should have more sexual freedom than women.	92	
The money spent on maintaining our Armed Forces abroad should be given to social causes at home.	93	
I prefer to avoid the company of homosexuals.	94	
Pollution of the environment is not my problem.	95	
Happiness in marriage can be achieved without sexual compatability.	96	
More of our taxes should be distributed to underdeveloped countries.	97	
My philosophy is to live for today and disregard the future.	98	
Ultimately private property should be abolished and complete Socialism introduced.	99	

Guarantee

Dateline guarantees that, in the unlikely event of a no match situation occurring in any run, you will be offered an additional run entirely free of charge.

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(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

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First Names

Address

Telephone Number

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Koblenzer Strabe 89, Postfach 514

LETTERS

continued from page 10

himself becoming a particular butt for these older girls. One of their favourite tricks was to remove their pants during his classes and to sit in deliberately provocative ways, giving him brief but unmistakable flashes of quim. Totally at a loss – my friend freely admitted – he decided the best course was to ignore it all. This had a certain amount of success, except with one particularly blatant pupil whose flashing became so obvious and sustained it was, he said, 'winking at him.' He blew his top, accusing the girl in class of all kinds of shamelessness. Her response was to threaten to send her boyfriend round if he didn't apologise, and thinking this had to be a spotty-faced youth of the same age, he said that was fine by him. Only then did another girl in the class mention – in all seriousness – that the boyfriend happened to be a beefy 35-year-old docker. The argument ended there, said my friend, and he left the school shortly afterwards.

T N, London N8

The letter in Vol 10 No 6 from a member of the diving fraternity concerning divers' perversions was a really great talking point amongst my fellow postmen at the works canteen.

After a long discussion we came to the conclusion that the letter was written by a pervert himself. And this assumption lasted till that night when six of us went to the pub. As we downed half after half the conversation swung back to that letter and the talk became less inhibited.

One chap admitted that several times, when delivering to one particular street in south-west London renowned for its ladies of ill repute, that he'd been propositioned for a quick one. Another chap said he'd been having it away with a newly married housewife he'd met on the rounds, though he didn't make-it with her during 'working' hours.

A third man said that he couldn't make love unless he was dressed up in his uniform.

So, you can imagine, then, that we changed our minds about the letter. For out of our group of six, we had someone who had been propositioned, someone who was getting off with a married woman and somebody who was very much bent.

We'll never doubt *Mayfair* again. But please, don't get the idea that all postmen are raving perverts!

A O, London SW2

I wonder how many readers had their memories awakened by G M Glaskin's story *A Gift of Love* in Vol 10 No 8? Maybe I'm a bit of a sentimentalist, but I could not help feeling that he had hit on a theme that maybe a lot of men go through with their first girl. I can still remember my own pathetic attempts. It wasn't that her family were much better off than mine, but that she was obviously way ahead of me in matters relating to sex. The only trouble was that I was too blind to see this, feeling then at the ripe old age of fifteen that I was in love and that this was the girl for me. Such naïveté. It did not finish exactly the way in which Glaskins' story did, but it painfully opened my eyes. I suppose that a lot of us go through an experience of a similar sort at the beginning of our adult lives, or am I in the minority for not sizing things up right from the start?

D T, Stroud, Gloucs.

Have any of your readers found themselves in the situation where their wife/girlfriend has become turned-on when watching a sporting event that involves a degree of violence? I know that a great many women attend wrestling matches, but I can't believe that their sole reason for doing so is a fine appreciation of holds and throws. I've personally witnessed women at boxing matches approach near-frenzy when a particularly bloody fight is being staged, and I've also read that it was not that unusual for women to be so excited as to reach an orgasm when watching Roman games. Quite recently I took a girlfriend along to a fight at London's Albert Hall. During the fight, which was unusually bloody and extremely exciting, I noticed that my girlfriend was squirming on the edge of her seat and that her dress had ridden up well over her thighs. She was not wearing tights or stockings, and I could see unmistakable traces of wetness showing through her white panties. When I later questioned her about this, she admitted

turn to page 108

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LETTERS

continued from page 107

that the sight of two superbly fit, sweating athletes punching each other to a standstill had greatly aroused her and that she had had to restrain herself from slipping a finger into her damp vagina to bring herself to an orgasm. I told her to simply follow her instincts, and this she did on our next 'fight-night', purposely wearing a shortish dress and skimpy panties to permit easy access. She did masturbate on this particular occasion and told me that she experienced one of her strongest-ever orgasms. I hope that other readers will be able to supply similar stories to support my own pet theory that sporting violence is a sexual stimulant.

(Name and address withheld)

Congratulations to Peter Maddocks. His recent cartoon series have been side-splittingly funny, especially 'Deflower Show' (Vol 10 No 6) and 'Welcoming Foreign Parts' (Vol 10 No 7). However does he think up those funny double meaning titles? I really think his cartoons in *Mayfair* and Slightly Maddocks in the *Evening News* are about the funniest around these days.

P A, London E 12

Jane, photographed so ably by Clive McLean in Vol 10 No 6 is a real dish, abandoning her pants for a spot of skinny-dipping.

But that picture, bottom of page 99, is the real hum-dinger. It's probably the most genuinely erotic pose I've seen for a long time. The hose which she's holding and which is squirting her, is so obviously a phallic substitute. Isn't it? Let's have a few more girls in such poses – it could start a trend like those pictures of girls looking at themselves in mirrors (a couple of years ago) then girls in the bath (always a stand by) and more recently, girls with hands placed strategically between their legs.

P I, Watford

I am so very pleased to learn that the beautiful Geraldine Hinchcliffe has successfully invaded the advertising world, and the picture of her in the Fabergé advertisement is truly delightful.

But my purpose in writing is really to show my appreciation, not for her fabulous dark-coloured nipples as a previous correspondent did, but for the Victorian boudoir pose on page 12 of Vol 10 No 4. On this page there is an entertaining view of her high and youthful left breast, showing the bulge of the side-swell and short line of suspension.

I do, however, have harsh words for the senseless string of beads which breaks the upper profile of her left breast, and hides one of those striking aureolae.

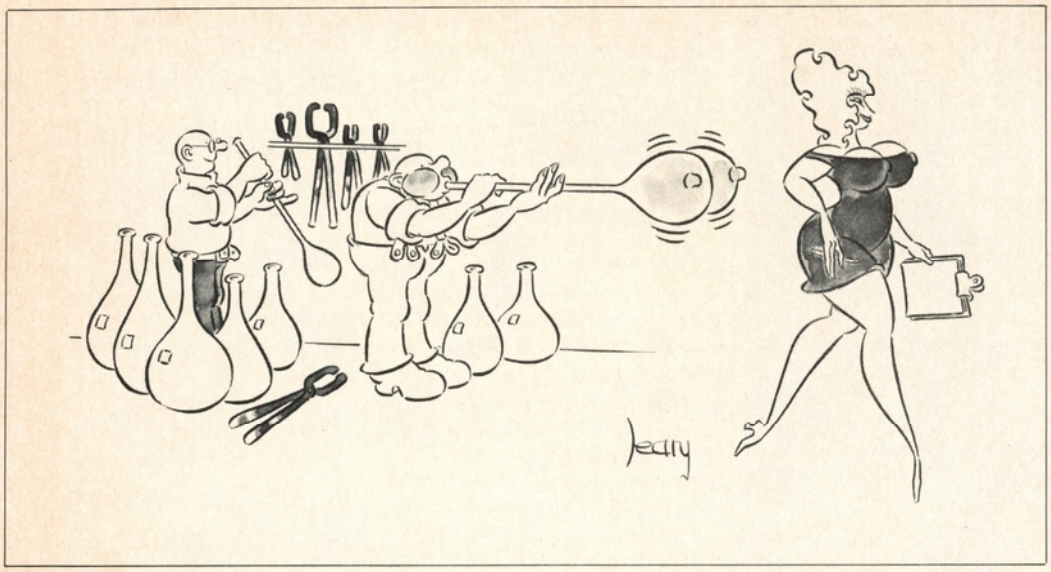
Speaking generally, a view from this angle with the arm raised and showing the body from shoulder to waist or beyond, discloses, as no other, the full femininity of the breast and permits a frank appraisal of its form, weight and firmness. What delight there is in the rondure of the under lobe, the bulge of the side-swell, crowned by an uptilted nipple and the delicate area under the armpit where it meets the ribs. Unfortunately, unhampered views of this area are strictly, one gathers, rationed, unless you count small-busted girls with exaggerated nipples. I fear there is a continuing taboo on the display of the breast hanging naturally, even in these times when bra-less girls with dresses widely let out under the armpits are openly asking us to admire their charms, if not even to heft and squeeze.

David Akers, Hurst Green, Sussex

May I first compliment you on your wonderful magazine, especially Vol 10 No 5 – three of the most gorgeous girls ever, all in the one issue. I'm writing, of course, of Anna, Daniella and Lena. Smashing faces and bodies to match.

Many of your correspondents write about their particular likes and dislikes concerning the female body. Mine is the lovely curly camouflage of their pussies – and all these three girls are particularly well endowed. Anna must top the tree in this respect, but to quote a well-known proverb, wouldn't it be nice to see the forest rather than the trees.

As Anna is the best endowed,



and she endorses the fact herself, what about giving us some views of her clean shaven? I realise you can't come right out and show her all, but you could get around that by dressing her as a harem girl (they were shaven of all their bodily hair before being presented to the sultan's boudoir), using very fine denier silk over the lower part of her face with a yashmak for general effect. Her breasts could then be left bare and you could hang a fine chain around her hips, as low as possible. From the chain could then be hung some more fine denier silk – see-through of course.

(Name and address withheld)

Well, I never! I've heard of the continuing story of Peyton Place, but the continuing story of the Pedestrian Speed Limits? I was thumbing through old copies of *Mayfair* recently and behold on the letters pages I found a letter from J Briggs of Havant, criticising William Boddy for wanting to raise the 30 mph speed limit.

It seems that in the last few issues William Boddy has also gone on about our 'pedestrian speed limits.'

But the letter from J Briggs wasn't last year, even the year before, or the year before that – it was in Vol 4 No 6.

It's about time we started getting rid of the car altogether. For as Mr Briggs said in 1968, 'since the advent of the motor car, over a quarter of a million people have been killed on British roads'. I wish I had the figures since 1968. So cut out the campaign for increased speed limits, WB, you may end up saving some lives.

E L, Manchester

Have any of your readers ever made love in a small rowing-boat? Sounds tricky I know, but it really can be done as I found out whilst on holiday on the South Coast this summer. Being a keen fisherman, I hired a rowing-boat with a small outboard motor fitted one afternoon and set off to try my luck a mile or so off shore. To my annoyance at the time, my girlfriend had insisted on coming too. I had tried to dissuade her, as when I go fishing I like to be alone, but she had insisted. After an hour or so, she had, as I anticipated, become bored and wanted to return to the harbour. I refused, so she sat and sulked for a while. Then she seemed to change her mind and came and sat opposite me. She leaned forward and started stroking my bare thigh. I was wearing

turn to page 112

CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING.

CARRIE

The wind gives Carrie trouble until she gets a helping hand

LETTERS

continued from page 109

just swimming trunks and a sweater. Before long, her hand crept higher until she was gently caressing my balls through the thin fabric of my trunks. I had stolidly remained fishing during this episode, but the provocation was too much to ignore. I grabbed her and pulled her onto my lap, easing my hand inside her bikini bottoms and into her fur. With much swaying and rocking I eased her tiny pants down and quickly slipped out of my own trunks. I was really stiff and with her still on my lap, entered her easily. The rocking motion of the waves brought each of us to a superb orgasm, and that wasn't all. When I took in my line, I found I had caught two large mackerel which we had for dinner that night.
L G H, Wealdstone

Sounds decidedly fishy to us, L H. We know you fishermen like your tall stories, but this is ridiculous. Two *mackerel . . .*

I'm in very strong disagreement with your correspondents in the past who've written to extol the erotic virtues of making love in the sea. From my own experiences on holiday this summer, I can quite categorically state that having it off in the briny is totally impossible. I wouldn't for a moment deny that it's quite possible to fuck if you only happen to be standing in six inches of water, but this action struck my girlfriend and I as being a bit pointless so we waded out until about chest-deep. Actual penetration, face-to-face was easy enough, but we both found we were constantly being knocked off balance by even the smallest waves. We then tried it with me entering her from behind, but this didn't work either as I kept toppling over on top of her. So far from achieving blissful sexual satisfaction, we both ended up half-drowned and bloody frustrated. To make up for it though, I took her back to our hotel room and screwed her silly. To all those who *still* reckon aquatic fucking is possible, Balls!
(Name and address withheld)

I'd like to add to the controversy that seems to surround the *Mayfair* appearance of the hugely-endowed Roxanne Brewer in Vol 10 No 3. It appears from your readers' reactions to Roxanne that opinion is divided as to whether her heavy, blue-veined breasts are a turn-on or a turn-off. For my part, I think they're great – the answer to a tit-man's prayer – and I'd like nothing better than to bury my head in those warm fleshy globes. All true tit-men will know that Roxanne's breasts are the stuff that dreams are made of, veins and all.
Let leg and bottom fanciers have *their* fill by all means, but rest assured that Roxanne earned you the gratitude of all of us boob lovers, despite what 'knockers' might say to the contrary!
P O'M, Paisley, Scotland

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We like the tales and anecdotes
The sexy letter that devotes
Its words to omens and the signs
Upon the face of curving lines
Of bum or bosom or the thighs
That tell you if a rigid rise
Will be accommodated yet.
We soak up scenes of heat and sweat
In room or taxi, bus or car
The meetings on the beach that are
Pure orgiastic scenes of tit
And throbbing nipple, willing slit.
And letters columns' stories seem
The best creations of a dream.
Stuart Walters, Merthyr Tydfil, Mid-Glamorgan

Dear Mr Walters: Ho hum! The editor thanks you for the material that you have submitted. He has considered it carefully but regrets he is unable to print the other eight and a half pages.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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